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# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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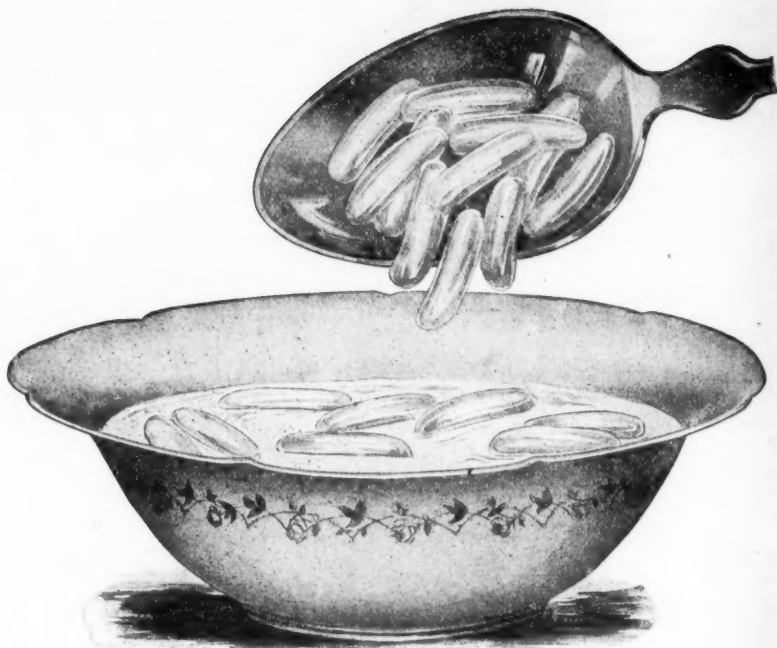
VOL XLV NO 19

JULY 30 1910



### A Morning Treat

*Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice mixed with berries forms an enticing blend. The grains are crisp and nut-like—they go well with the tart of the berries. And they melt in the mouth. There was never a cereal half so good for serving at breakfast with fruit. Try it tomorrow morning.*



### The Evening Meal

*For supper, or bedtime, or a between-meal dish, serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. The grains are as crisp as crackers, and four times as porous as bread. And they are the most digestible cereal foods ever created, so they never form a tax on the stomach. They are ideal foods for children.*

## Prof. Anderson's Scientific Foods

### Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

You owe these puffed foods, and all your wholesome delight in them, to Prof. A. P. Anderson.

It was he who first thought of breaking up starch granules as never was done by cooking, baking or toasting.

It was he who conceived the idea of blasting the granules to pieces by an explosion of steam.

And he worked out the idea—first by using gas pipe. Then by confining the grains in steel guns. And there were a number of times in the development of the process when an accidental explosion nearly put an end to experiments.

### Ease of Digestion

The final result is the most digestible food that ever was made from grain. Not pre-digested, for such foods are wrong. The stomach must be made to do something. But every starch granule is so blasted to pieces that the digestive juices act instantly.

Digestion starts in the mouth the moment the saliva touches a grain of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Other processes break up part of the granules. But no other process breaks up every granule so that all of the grain can be quickly assimilated.

### Foods Shot from Guns

These are the foods shot from guns, and this is the curious process. The whole wheat or rice grains are put

into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The grains are puffed to eight times former size. They are honeycombed with cells. But the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have mammoth grains, made porous and crisp and digestible.

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in Extreme West*

### Two Enticing Foods

The result of this process—though unexpected—is the most delightful cereal food that ever came to the table.

We have served it at lunch counters, with all the other ready-cooked cereals we make. And four people in five have chosen Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

It will be so at your table. Some may like Puffed Wheat the better, some Puffed Rice. But all—especially children—will delight in these puffed foods.

Please try them and see. During the hot weather coming you want good ready-cooked foods. Surprise your folks tomorrow morning by offering the choice of these two.

Order them now from your grocer, for it's easy to forget.

**Made only by The Quaker Oats Company**

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



# COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

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## Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan



**FINEST HOTEL ON THE GREAT LAKES**  
Its ideal location, unending city gaieties with the quiet of country and seashore. It is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, close to the great South Parks and but 10 minutes' ride from the theatre and shopping district. 450 large outside rooms—250 private baths—1,000 feet of broad veranda overlooking lake. Always cool, refreshing breezes—smooth, sandy bathing beach nearby—every comfort and convenience—all summer attractions. Tourists, transients and summer guests find hearty welcome. For booklet, address Manager, 61st Boulevard and Lake Shore, Chicago.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**WHY PAY EXTRA VAGANT HOTEL RATES?**  
**THE CLENDENING** 198 W. 103 St., N. Y. Select Home-like, Economical Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET WITH MAP OF CITY.

SEATTLE, WASH.

**Hotel Savoy** "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. Eng. grill. \$1.50 up.

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AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL  
Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

**AROUND THE WORLD** Cook's 39th Annual Series of Tours de Luxe. Small private parties. Best arrangements. Send for Program C.  
**THOS. COOK & SON**  
245 Broadway, 264 5th Avenue, NEW YORK



**Perfect Speed Control** **Absolute Mastery of Boat**

Absolute Freedom from Engine Racing. Ability to obtain any speed in either direction without Throttle or Spark Adjustment and through the simple manipulation of one lever are features of Roper Safety Propeller Control for Motor Boats. The boat using a gas engine is rendered as flexible as the one driven by steam.  
On Motor Boats where control is desired alongside, forward or back of the motor the Roper Safety Propeller Bow Control Equipment is the only satisfactory control offered to the motor boatman.

Send for details  
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**"BRIDGE DON'TS"**  
For Bridge Players

A handy little book by Walter Camp, gives in condensed form for busy people the essential points they ought to know. Attractive as it is useful. Send copies to your friends, 35 cents, by mail 38 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON  
430 West 13th St. New York City



## A Happy Marriage

Every man and woman, particularly those entered upon matrimony, should possess the new and valuable book by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., which sensibly treats of the sexual relations of both sexes, and, as well, how and when to advise son or daughter.

Unequalled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions.

It contains in one volume:  
Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in One Volume, Illustrated, \$2, Postpaid  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.  
PURITAN PUB. CO., 707 Ferry Bldg., PHILA., PA.



# Collier's



|| Saturday, July 30, 1910 ||

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# The Locomobile

## Announcement 1911

The 30 Shaft Drive-Four Cylinders  
The 48 Shaft Drive-Six Cylinders

High Tension Dual Ignition System on both models. Four speed selective transmission. A wide range of the latest body styles - either with or without front doors - can be supplied. Touring, Baby Tonneau, Runabout, Torpedo, Limousine and Landaulet. Finished in any color scheme desired by the purchaser

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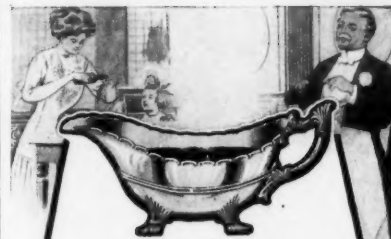


The Locomobile Co. of America  
New York Philadelphia Bridgeport, Conn. San Francisco Boston Chicago



LICENSED UNDER THE SELDEN PATENT

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## GRAVIES

test the ability of a cook.  
To get the best results  
use

## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

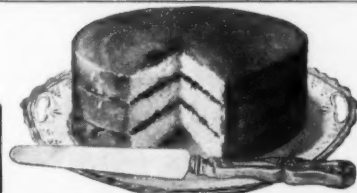
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, all Roasts, Chops, Game, Gravies, Stews and Hashes, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebits, Salad Dressings and many other dishes are rendered far more appetizing by its use.

It adds zest to every meal.

Refuse Substitutes.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.



CAKES, Puddings, Ice Cream and all kinds of Desserts are much more delicious when made with

## BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED MILK

(UNSWEETENED)



Best for all Cooking where milk or cream is an ingredient. Dilute with water to any desired richness and use same as "fresh milk." Convenience, Economy and Better Results make the use of Peerless Milk a Valuable Habit.

Recipe book for the asking while they last.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.  
Est. 1857 "Leaders of Quality" New York

## There's Comfort in a Swaycott

6 ft. long  
27 ins. wide

Here are some "Swaycott" features: Spring and frame guaranteed five (5) years; comfortable, hand-tufted cotton and sea moss mattresses; two wind guards and back rests; upholstery fringe finish on all four sides; two magazine pockets; non-sagging steel springs; malleable iron end rods, and many other exclusive features.

We will ship a "Swaycott," charges prepaid, east of the Rockies for \$10; west of the Rockies, \$12.00. We guarantee the "Swaycott" for 5 years. Seven days' trial; if unsatisfactory, money will be refunded. Specify dark red, khaki or dark green; fast colors. Send order today. Descriptive booklet free. Address Dept. 9.

Baker & Lockwood Mfg. Co.  
Kansas City, Mo.

Free Booklet



The Obstinate Juror

## THIS DRAWING "The Obstinate Juror"

was made by A. B. Frost. Taken with several others it represents the most characteristic work of this artist, who enjoys a unique reputation for portraying life in rural America.

### A. B. Frost

pictures with gentle humor the real, the human aspects of village and farm life. His work is welcomed among the people he portrays for the sympathetic chords which he strikes in their lives. It is also not less entertaining than amusing to city folks. This particular drawing, "The Obstinate Juror," shows a familiar and amusing aspect of our jury system, and will come home with especial keenness to every man who has "done jury duty." The original drawing was recently placed in an art collection and exhibited all over the United States, being exhibited in art galleries in the leading cities. To give everybody who appreciates this sort of drawing an opportunity to enjoy Frost, a number of reprints have been carefully made, in duotone ink on heavy mounts size 20 x 28 inches, ready for framing.

### Yours for \$1.00

One of these art proofs will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, prepaid, upon receipt of \$1.00. The picture makes a truly handsome decoration for the library, den, club-room, dining-room, or in fact any room of a well-furnished house. In ordering write your name and address plainly, and remit \$1.00 by check, draft, express or postal order, or stamps, as may be convenient.

Print Dept.

**P. F. COLLIER & SON**

416 W. 13th Street

Agent for Canada: William Briggs, 29 Richmond Street W., Toronto, Ont.

## ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 66

### ELIMINATING FRAUDULENT ADVERTISING

IN an address delivered at the recent convention of the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's Association, Mr. William A. Mears, of Los Angeles, dealing with the subject, "Governmental Supervision of Promotion Advertising," concluded with three paragraphs which applied not only to promotion advertising, but, in the last analysis, to almost any line of advertising.

In those paragraphs Mr. Mears so perfectly expressed the best present-day thought of leading men in the advertising profession, that I have taken the liberty of reproducing that portion of his address herewith:

"The pioneers in any great reform movement, whether it be social, religious, or political, are always subject to adverse criticism, and generally are obliged to enter upon an educational campaign, which is at all times both tedious and expensive; but it is refreshing to observe that some of the great weekly and monthly magazines of the country, as well as some of the most influential dailies, are awakening to the situation, and have adopted a line of procedure which, if followed by their contemporaries all over the country, will be the means of eventually greatly lessening the opportunity for illegitimate promotion."

"The Saturday Evening Post, Collier's Weekly, and McClure's Magazine, have started a campaign working to the elimination of this evil. The Philadelphia North American, a newspaper of great influence in the East, positively declines to sell space in its advertising columns, nor will it accept copy

from any advertising agent, giving publicity to any promotion of any character unless they have been thoroughly informed and satisfied as to the intrinsic value, not only of the proposition offered, but as to the character and standing of the men connected with it; and recently in Southern California, the Evening Express and Record of Los Angeles have given notice that they positively will refuse to sell their space to any mining, oil, or other promoted company, unless satisfactory statement of its financial condition, including its dividend-earning capacity, is made to the managers of these papers."

"And thus we see a rift in the clouds, with a light shining through, indicating that there are men engaged in the newspaper field whose moral sense has risen beyond the spirit of commercialism or love of gain; and it is to be sincerely hoped that the example and lead of these great publications will be speedily followed by many others throughout the United States. And if the men who are engaged in soliciting business for the various mediums throughout the country, and who write copy to occupy such space, will band themselves together, with a resolution that they will decline to receive or consider business except of such character that will make it impossible for a stain to be left behind after its acceptance, a great step will be taken forward in the elimination of the unprincipled and unscrupulous promoter from the financial and commercial world."

*T. L. Patterson*  
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—"Financial Advertising"

## The Edison Phonograph

### gives just the right volume of sound for the home

Too much sound is worse than too little. A grand piano is out of place in a room twelve feet square. The music of the finest band may be spoiled if heard in too small a hall.

The volume of sound produced by the Edison Phonograph, while perfect in its reproduction of the music or voice, is not loud, strident, noisy or ear-piercing.

If you have ever lived with a sound-reproducing machine that was too loud, you will know what it means to have an Edison which is just loud enough.

Many sound-reproducing machines are sold altogether on the argument that they are loud. It is very easy to make a loud Phonograph. We have made them for use with moving picture machines. It is an art to make a Phonograph which gives proper value to each kind of music and all within the compass of an ordinary parlor or sitting-room.

Most of the sizes of the Edison Phonograph are adapted for home use.

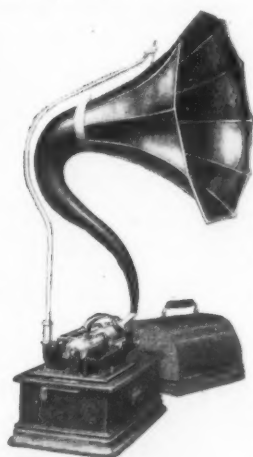
If you have ever become tired of a sound-reproducing machine, it was because it was too loud—too insistent.

When you buy an Edison, you will appreciate what it is to have a Phonograph that reproduces sound properly of the right volume for your house.

Go to any dealer and hear an Edison, but remember you are hearing it in a store, not in your home. If he tries to sell you any other make insist upon having both kinds sent to your home, with some Records of your own selection. Remember, too, that the Phonograph is the only Edison machine.

There is an Edison Phonograph at whatever price you wish to pay, from the Gem at \$12.50 to the Amberola at \$200.00. Edison Standard Records, 25c.; Edison Amberol Records, 50c.; Edison Grand Opera Records, 75c. to \$2.00.

**National Phonograph Company, 12 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.**



## "BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS"

beautifully reproduced in colors—hand colored if you prefer—would be an attractive and artistic addition to your den, library or living room. It is from the original by O. H. Peets, and is one of the newest Collier productions. The hand-colored platinum prints are particularly striking. The color reproduction is on fine-art paper, with a heavy mount 16 x 18½ in., and is all ready for framing—although many prefer the effect secured by simply fastening the mount *unframed* on the wall with glass push-pins.

You will probably find the picture at the nearest art store—but if not you can order direct—and if you are dissatisfied return the picture. In ordering direct remit 50c to Proof Department. Hand colored \$4.00

**P. F. COLLIER & SON**  
416 West 13th St., New York City

Agent for Canada: **WILLIAM BRIGGS**  
29 Richmond Street West Toronto, Canada



## "YES, I DO MY OWN HOUSEWORK"

And the BISSELL Sweeper has relieved me of one of my hardest tasks. Sweeping with a corn broom is the supreme drudgery of the home, while with the

**Bissell**  
it is simply a pleasure. Sold by all the best trade. Prices \$2.75 to \$6.50.

Buy now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip within one week from date of purchase, and we will send you FREE a fine quality leather card case with no printing on it. Write for booklet. Dept. "U"

**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**  
Grand Rapids, Mich.


(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)



## DOMES of SILENCE The Invisible Castor Without Wheels

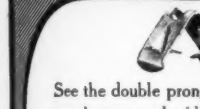
Give easy noiseless movement to heaviest furniture—on't tear carpet or mark hardwood floors—slip easily over the edge of a rug. Nickel steel—gun-annealed unbreakable. A few hammer taps adjust without nails or screws. Fit over old castor holes on any furniture. 15c a set of 4. Also with feltoid centre 25c for 4. Sold by Hardware, Furniture, Housefurnishing and Department Stores. If not at your dealer's order direct.

**HENRY W. PEABODY & CO.**  
17 State St., New York  
See that patent No. 722,500, is stamped on inside of each dome.  
Local agents wanted—reference required.



## "TWIN GRIP" PAPER FASTENER

See the double prongs! They hold top, bottom and middle papers with absolute security. Samples (5 sizes) free on request. The DeLong Hook & Eye Company Philadelphia



**WE SHIP ON APPROVAL**  
without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IF ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard-of prices and unvarious offers on highest grade 1910 model bicycles.

**Factory Prices** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

**Rider Agents** everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

**Tires, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.**

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A-54, CHICAGO**



**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**  
CORRESPONDENCE-STUDY DEPT.  
offers 320 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

**Mias Martina C. Erickson, SEMINARY**  
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**THE UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS**  
offers thru its COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY, a three years' course of study, leading to the preparation for practice of one of the least crowded and most remunerative of the professions. For Catalog & address Dr. G. W. Cook, Dean, Honore & Harrison Sts., Chicago, Ill.

**MONTICELLO** Ideal school for young women and girls. 73d Year begins Sept. 29th. Faculty of Specialists in charge of departments for English, Classic and Continental Languages, Science, Music, Art, etc. Fine Gymnasium, Beautiful Campus, Tennis Courts, Basket Ball Field. Apply early. Applicants on waiting list last year.

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Principal, Godfrey, Illinois.

**THE UNIVERSITY of ILLINOIS**  
offers thru its COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY, a three years' course of study, leading to the preparation for practice of one of the least crowded and most remunerative of the professions. For Catalog & address Dr. G. W. Cook, Dean, Honore & Harrison Sts., Chicago, Ill.

**ALMA COLLEGE** Educates sensibly. Picked faculty, thorough instruction. Attractive situation, climate. Good food; home cooking. Preparatory. Collegiate. Music. Art. Education. Domestic Science. Tuition low. Write R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., President, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, for terms, prospectus.

**THE ART OF TALKING WELL**  
How to converse in society. Taught by Mail. You May Learn: How to begin a conversation. How to fill the awkward pauses. How to tell an anecdote or story. How to use "small talk." How to be an interesting dinner companion. How to succeed in business. Write for information and blanks. Box 21, 29th Century Instruction Co., Leonard and Lafayette Sts., N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

## Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 30, 1910

### What Alaska Really Is

In next week's issue of Collier's will appear the fact story of Alaska, showing in a concrete way what has come of Seward's "fool's bargain."

Webster's statement on the floor of the United States Senate, that our great Empire west of the Missouri River was a burden to our Republic, and that it could never be an integral part of our government, politically or industrially, because nobody could drive a wagon to Oregon, seems to-day hardly more ridiculous than the prophecies of our statesmen, who, in the 60's, lamented Seward's folly in the purchase of Alaska.

In the light of present conditions, read what some of the eminent statesmen in the Congress of the United States, who frankly spoke their minds about this "fool's bargain," said:

Mr. Washburn, of Wisconsin, declared that Greenland would be a better purchase.

Mr. Horace Price, of Iowa, said:

"Now that we have got it and can not give it away or lose it, I hope we will keep it under military rule and get along with as little expense as possible. It is a dead loss to us anyway."

Mr. B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, said:

"We could have had Alaska as a gift for the asking, but no man except one insane enough to buy the earthquakes of St. Thomas or the ice fields in Greenland could be found to agree to any other terms of its acquisition to the country."

Mr. Benjamin F. Loan, of Missouri, said:

"To suppose that anyone would willingly leave the mild climate and fruitful soil of the United States, with its newspapers and churches, its railroads and commerce, its civilization and refinement, to seek a home in Alaska is simply to suppose such person insane."

We paid \$7,200,000 for this vast territory. It has already paid for itself 370 times over. It now has a larger population than several of the States at the time they were admitted to the Union. While the climate in some parts is as cold as Greenland, in others it is as mild as Maryland. Its agricultural possibilities parallel those of Norway, Sweden, Finland, and much of Russia.

It is fourteen times the size of the State of New York.

It would make 470 Rhode Islands.

It has over 4,000 school children to-day.

It has railroads, river steamship transportation lines, churches, Court House, libraries, schools, grain, dairy and poultry farms, besides great forests and a wealth of mines unmatched in the world, most of which are workable the entire twelve months of the year.

And this is the territory about which Mr. Ferriss of New York, in 1869, introduced the following bill in the Congress of the United States:

RESOLVED, That the President be authorized to bind the United States by treaty to pay the sum of \$7,200,000 to any respectable European, Asiatic, or African power which will accept a cession of the territory of Alaska.

Settlement in western Canada was vigorously fought by the Hudson Bay Company for a century. The Hudson Bay Company profited by keeping the great Northwest Territory a wilderness. In much the same way great financial combinations who now covet the vast natural wealth of Alaska would like to picture Alaska to the people as a vast land of snow and ice and foreboding winter that they might acquire and operate their own gigantic special privileges in the territory unmolested by settlers who might claim their share of the land.

In text and pictures, next week's issue will indicate what sort of an empire was won to America when the first miners, prospectors, and adventurers topped the Chilkoot Pass :

P. F. COLLIER & SON  
Publishers


IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

**CHENEY SILK CRAVATS**

Identify the genuine by the name CHENEY SILKS stamped inside the neckband. Then you will get the original tubular, seamless, reversible, pin-proof, non-binding, all silk ties.

32 Colors, Stripes and Fancies, Price 50c  
All dealers or by mail on receipt of price.  
State colors desired.

**PONCET & NEESER, Selling Agents**  
58 Greene St., New York



Nothing is so refreshing for a woman's hair in warm weather as the dry Shampoo

**W. & B. DRY & FLUFFY**

**Swedish Hair Powder**

The Dry Shampoo that removes dust, grease and excessive oil after ten minutes' brushing; cleanses the hair without washing; leaves the hair soft, cool and fluffy. 50c (by mail 60c) and \$1.00 per box.

If your dealer can't supply you, send dealer's name with 10c and receive a liberal trial package and pamphlet "How to Have Handsome Hair."

**WALDEYER & BETTS, Dept. F**  
170 Fifth Avenue New York



**WURLITZER BRASS BAND INSTRUMENTS.** We supply the United States Government. Prices cut in half this season. Greatest values ever known. Big, new catalog now ready.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.  
163 E. 4th St., Cincinnati; or 295 Wabash Ave., Chicago




**5-H.P. two-cylinder GREEN EGG \$225.00**  
4 H. P. Blue Bird \$200.00. 2 1/2 H. P. GERR Model 4, \$150.00. Used Motorcycles \$40.00.

We have the largest line of new and used motorcycles in the country at the lowest prices. Every machine guaranteed. Send for catalog. HARRY R. GERR CO., 571 Michigan Ave., St. Louis, Mo.




**PRINT Your Own**

Cards, circulars, book, newspaper, Press \$5. Larger \$15. Rotary \$60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.



**MONEY IN POULTRY and SQUABS** Start small; Grow BIG. Foy's big book tells how. Describes World's largest purebred Poultry Farm; gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders. Mailed 4c. F. Foy, Box 24, Des Moines, Ia.



**TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES**

All Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at 1/4 to 1/2 Price. Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for catalog "M." Typewriter Enquirer, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago



**Convert Your Bicycle into a Motor-Cycle** using our Attachable Outfit. Fifteen wheel. Also Marine and Stationary Motors and Castings. Stamp/catalog. Steffy Mfg. Co., 2940 Girard Ave. Phila., Pa.



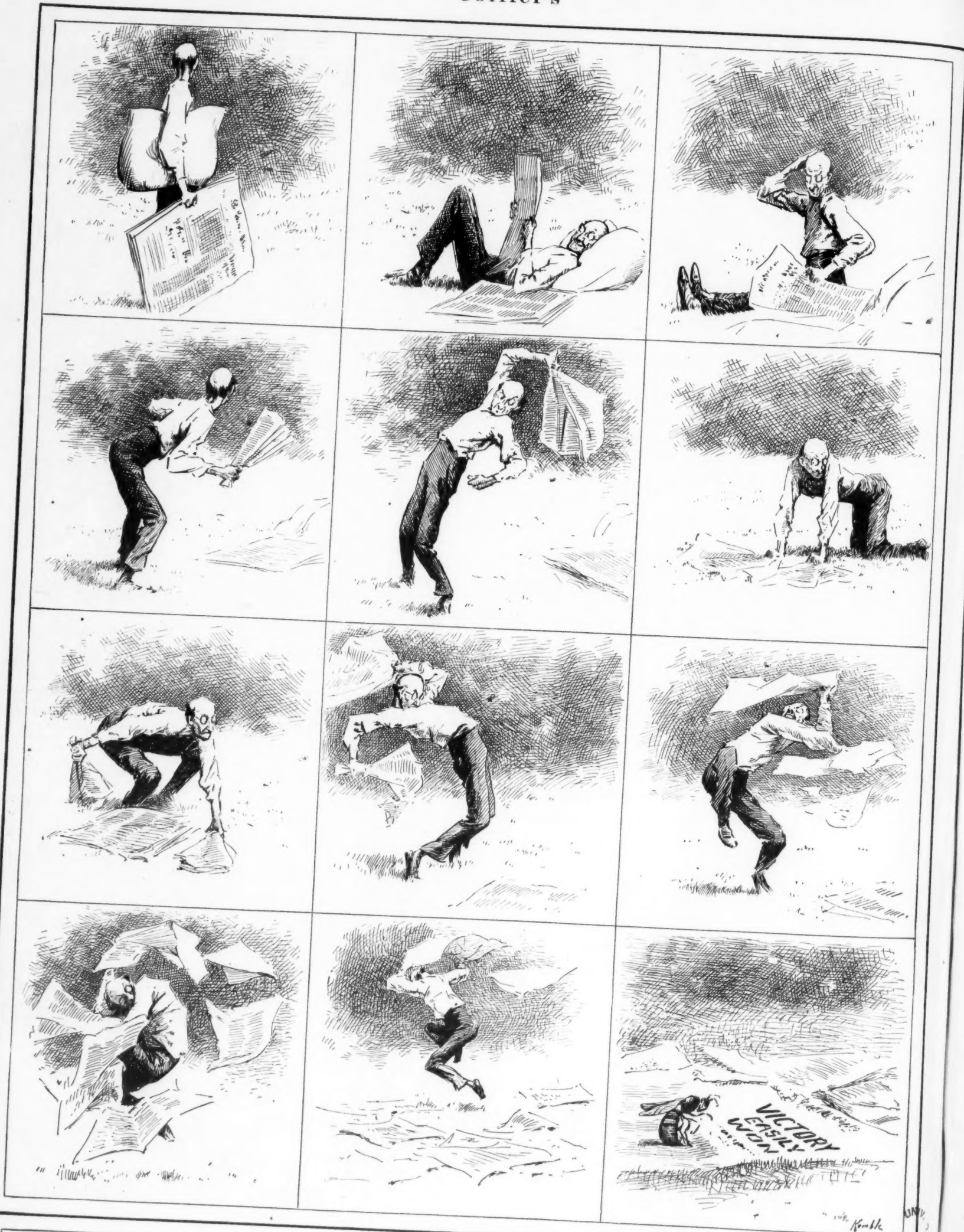
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## The Sunday Yellow and the Yellow Jacket

SKETCHES BY E. W. KEMBLE

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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

July 30, 1910

### Excommunicated

THE "AMERICAN ECONOMIST" is the official organ of the American Protective Tariff League. Its single slogan is the one permanent principle of the dominant element in the Republican Party, High Protection; and in a literal sense it is the organ, more nearly than any other publication, of the Standpatters. The current issue contains these sentences concerning Mr. ROOSEVELT:

"... In thus supporting BEVERIDGE, Mr. ROOSEVELT will be entirely consistent with past performances. No man more so. He is the primal Insurgent, the inventor of Insurgency. All who came after him were mere copyists, 'me-too's.' The standard of Insurgency was first raised in 1903, when the Cuban reciprocity legislation was bludgeoned through House and Senate. The next Insurgent exploit came when the German Tariff agreement was negotiated in secret and privileges of tariff evasion through undervaluation were granted to German exporters in direct violation of the provisions of existing law, and when in a measure to Congress the system provided by law for enforcing honest valuations of imports was denounced as 'outrageous.'

"... But how about the Protection element of the Republican Party? How about the loyal and conscientious men who stand for the one 'cardinal principle' of their party? Will they be harmonized? Can they be whipped into line with and made to play second fiddle to BEVERIDGE, CUMMINS, DOLLIVER, BRISTOW, LA FOLLETTE, ROOSEVELT, and the rest of the Insurgent phalanx? Is the mountain going to MAHOMET? Is the whale about to be swallowed by JONAH? Is the tail going to wag the dog? ... Are the real Republicans and Protectionists in the States which furnish electoral votes and determine majorities in Congress ready to confess themselves in error and seek pardon at the feet of the Man from Elba? ..."

The Insurgents may well cry, "Welcome, Brother."

### Technicalities

WILL WEST, according to a Gadsden, Alabama, newspaper, "is somewhat of a notorious character in these diggin's." Some time ago the people of Gunterville and Sand Mountain thought they were permanently rid of him when he was sentenced to six years in the penitentiary for grand larceny. But they failed to consider the possibilities for freedom involved in the law's technicalities. We depend on the version of the case furnished by the Gadsden paper:

"It appears that WEST stole a large lot of hides from the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad and sold them. He was arrested, tried, and convicted in the Circuit Court of his county and sent up for six years. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court and that body has knocked it to pieces because the State did not say whether WEST stole mule, goat, cow, or sheep hides. Failure to specify the exact kind of property lost has cost the State and county a world of money and it would be no wonder if the prosecution lost heart at the next trial."

In a police court in Toledo, Ohio, WALTER E. BROWN was tried, convicted, and fined for running his automobile at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, against an Ohio statute whose wording is that "whoever operates a motor cycle or motor vehicle at a greater speed than eight miles an hour . . . shall be fined. . . ." On appeal, Judge JOHNSON of the Common Pleas Court held that an automobile is not a motor vehicle, and discharged the defendant. The same Judge JOHNSON and the same court figured recently in another case: GEORGE G. METZGER was charged in the indictment with embezzling \$4,000 "in money" from the Broadway Savings Bank. The evidence showed that what METZGER took was a New York draft for \$4,000. Judge JOHNSON took the case from the jury and gave a verdict for the defendant, saying that a draft is not "money." A committee of depositors in the wrecked bank addressed this communication to the local prosecuting attorney:

"Believing that we express the feeling of not only the unfortunate depositors of the defunct Broadway Savings Bank Company, but of the citizens of Toledo and of Lucas County at large when we say that we are dissatisfied at the way in which the case against GEORGE G. METZGER, tried recently in Common Pleas Court, was disposed of, thereby establishing a dangerous precedent, and that the interests of the people generally would have been better preserved had the case been allowed to go to the jury and a verdict returned in accordance with the evidence, we therefore most respectfully ask that you take advantage of the prosecutor's right to carry this case to the Supreme Court of Ohio, on a bill of exceptions, there to be determined definitely whether or not such disposition was the proper one, in view of the evidence, to make of said case. The many depositors who were unfortunate enough to have had money in this institution at the time it closed its doors join us in requesting that you get a ruling on this question."

Such expressions of protest as this are wholesome. The lawyers will never abandon red tape of their own initiative. It is red tape and fine distinctions that make lawyers necessary; to try to abolish them would be too much like quarreling with one's bread and butter to be expected of average human nature. Moreover, the training and experience of lawyers is of a kind that makes them respect hair-splitting more and more. After all, courts derive their power from the people.

July 30

### A Sonnet and the Senate

THERE IS NOTHING like the perspective of a century and a quarter to rejuvenate tired altruists and prove the truth of the lines in HOWELLS'S sonnet:

"But still, somehow, the round  
Is spiral, and the race's feet have found  
The path rise under them which they have trod."

The secret understanding between big business and high politics, which animates the political party that is dominant in the country today, is bad enough. But at least public opinion is such that it is compelled to be furtive. However far removed from the spirit of democracy the Senate may be, it is not as far as its founders frankly meant. Not even LODGE would avow to-day, as Gouverneur MORRIS did in the Federal Convention of 1789; that the Senate "ought to be composed of men of great and established property, the aristocracy . . . to keep down the turbulency of democracy." Mr. DICKINSON said that "the Senate should consist of the most distinguished characters, distinguished for their rank in life and their weight of property, bearing as strong a likeness to the British House of Lords as possible." ROGER SHERMAN, ELBRIDGE GERRY, and EDMUND RANDOLPH gave expression to similar views. Judged by the standard of its beginnings, the Senate is not reactionary; it is progressive.

### By the Western Gate

THE WEATHER, in these summer days, usurps a good part of the attention of those who live east of the Great Divide. It is something unescapable, harassing, poignant enough to force itself even into the day's news. Thousands scurry away to avoid the particular brand which their habitat regularly inflicts. There are few places where the stories of their quaint struggles read more curiously than in San Francisco. There it is cooler, you might say, in hot weather than it is in cold. At least the uniform lack of oppressive heat seems more extraordinary when all the rest of the country is baking. People wear overcoats in San Francisco these July evenings and sit before wood-fires. Yet so kind is their climate's coolness that through the open library windows grand La France roses nod on their six-foot stalks in the garden outside, geraniums flame along the foundations of houses clear up to the window ledges, and the air is filled with the scent of heliotrope growing almost into bushes. Shreds of fog, carrying all the tang and chill of the open sea, float down the brilliant streets at night and add peculiar zest to blazing restaurants and theaters, which, in wilted neighborhoods further east, have lost their power of invitation. The city that was is gone forever, but the city that is hurries on to new enchantments. The Orient is just below the horizon; it is still the meeting-place of East and West! On the brown hillsides across the bay, new suburbs, built with the winsome grace which our architects have only learned in the present generation, spring up overnight—dwellings, half houses, half bungalows; solid, yet suggesting the airy out-of-dooriness of the Japanese. America and Italy seem to meet down the lovely bay, with its islands, its yellow and olive hillsides, mountains, and blue sea. Here, in a land of winter resorts, is the coolest summer city of them all. They used to have prize-fights in San Francisco, but such artistic allurements must be surrendered until at least the coming exposition is assured, or the rest of the country looks less askance.

### The Next Nebraska Senator

THERE ARE TWO CANDIDATES for United States Senator before the Republican voters of Nebraska at the direct primaries on August 16. One of them is the present Senator, ELMER J. BURKETT, the other is CHARLES O. WHEDON. Mr. WHEDON is very much the better man. Mr. BURKETT'S abilities are of the order which enable some of his friends to describe him admiringly as "smooth" and as a "slick politician." Mr. WHEDON is such a man that one of his most ardent political enemies generously speaks of him as "honest and able . . . superior in brains and ability." Mr. WHEDON in the Senate chamber would give dignity and high ability to Nebraska's representation at Washington. Mr. BURKETT contributes neither.

### Good Losers

THE WILD WEST is supposed to be no more, but recent events indicate that some of its characteristic qualities still survive. If there was anything typical of the Westerner, now found mostly in novels, it was his silent strength, his humor and sense of fair play. He

might shoot from the hip, and all that sort of thing when necessary, but he was not given to red-faced protestation, hysterical fear. "When you say that—smile," drawled the cowboy in "The Virginian," when an epithet was applied to him in a sense, to say the least, ambiguous. He didn't throw vitriol nor scream. Reno, Nevada, has come in for a good deal of not altogether desirable notoriety, thanks to the State's divorce laws, a few thrifty lawyers, and the Eastern newspapers; but after its behavior during the recent prize-fight it may "point with pride" to itself, and the fact that it is Western. For days this little city was filled with "sports," prize-fighters, gamblers, and citizens of all classes supposed, for the moment, to be removed from many of the usual restraints. Yet there was no visible drunkenness, no quarreling, no violence, nor thieving. It was a good-humored but well-behaved crowd, in spite of the click of the open roulette wheels and faro tables. Twenty thousand of these men saw their favorite beaten and their money lost on the fight. They did not riot, nor even howl or hiss. The winner, who had won fairly, was allowed to go his way unmolested, and the disappointed spectators merely jammed their hands into their trousers' pockets, chewed their cigars, and at the most not uncheerfully muttered "stung."

#### The Lake Fleets

A CHICAGO POET who looks out over Lake Michigan daily has come to think of that vast waste of waters as the most desolate sight he has ever known. It was not always empty—"as a boy, I saw the harbor crowded with shipping, heard the deep-toned whistles of tugs and steamers at the many bridges, watched the frequent sails—clear touches of pure white in the sunlight—and noted the long streamers of dark, sky-blown steamer smoke trailing down the wind. All were delightful, stimulating." To that boy, lake traffic was romantic. Out of the golden fields of Minnesota and Dakota came grain; Wisconsin and Michigan sent great piles of odoriferous lumber; out of deep-trailed Kansas and Nebraska came cattle to be transhipped for the hungry East; gold and silver ores from Colorado and the mountain country rattled noisily into the holds of Lake freighters. Back came boxes and bales from the manufacturing centers—red-topped, copper-toed boots for the boys, chalky-smelling calicoes, linens, resplendent ribbons, fragile brie-a-brac from France, odoriferous mysteries from the Orient. But the railroads set out to get the Lake traffic. "Now," says the poet, "I see perhaps once a day—not often once a day—one or two deep-laden, homely steam barges for or from Gary and South Chicago, the United States Steel Corporation's ports. An occasional tug carrying supplies to the inlet cribs, the boats for St. Joe, and, in summer, other Lake ports—except for these the harbor is empty of shipping. And the deserted lake is only one of this observer's sorrows:

"Several times last year I went through the Illinois Valley to the Mississippi. Canals and rivers were as empty as the lake. I saw but one boat on one canal, and one on the river. Merchants of Rock Island said it was because of the commodity clause in the railroad rates. And I saw it was because of the ignorance of most men, the indifference of many, and the mastery of the few."

Sooner or later, if he lives long enough, the Chicago poet will see the waters fill with traffic again. Water transportation, where it exists, is the cheapest; the railroads destroyed it only by reducing the freight rate at water ports to a point where it was grossly unremunerative to themselves, and so low that the water transportation companies had to go out of business. The railroad companies made up their losses by charging excessive rates to places that have no water competition. To destroy the form of transportation which is by nature much the cheapest was a crime against economic law, and that is the sort of crime which is more sure than any other to find its own remedy in the long run.

#### A Desert Dissents

THEY RAN A RAILROAD up through the desert country from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City a few years ago. "Straight as the crow flies," in the words of the folders, it cut across the diagonal of the rectangle made by the old east-and-west overland lines. Twelve hours were chopped off the running time between southern California and the Salt Lake region, and presently fretful tourists with palm-leaf fans, and iced drinks and fruits, and all the other luxurious paraphernalia of modern "limited" trains were bowling through the bare flats and the brown parched mountains where many a good man had died of thirst or starvation not so many years ago. It was another conquest of nature, and a precious lot of impression it made on those whose tickets happened to be "routed" that way. Last January, when the snow was deep on the mountain-tops, a warm wind breathed one day across that silent and apparently vanquished country. And all at once it stirred and awoke; down thousands of ribs and wrinkles and sheer slopes joining into cañons at last, the melting snows sent their angry, charging battalions. In an hour's time the S. P. and S. L. had suffered perhaps the severest washout in the history of any American railroad. Scores of miles of track were wiped out like chalk lines from a blackboard; steel bridges were tipped over and whole trains of freight cars ground to junk. One passenger train, from which the passengers escaped to wagons, limped into Salt Lake 153 days late. The line has begun to run again now, but little yellow "Go slow!" flags are stuck along many miles of track, and for a hundred miles, in the bed of the trickling little water-course, gangs of men are burning the driftwood—here, where every chip, so to speak, is valuable, lest stray trees jam up against the new trestles

when the floods come down again. They look quaint and pathetic enough, these plodding little men, in the presence of the blazing, bare, indifferent mountains, planning to meet the attack, which, sooner or later, is likely to come. Out of sight, higher up on the mountains, other gangs are clambering and surveying, plotting a new high line safe above the cañon's ront. In such places the easy overland traveler can get, even to-day, some glimmering notion of the long battle, won for him by others and generally forgotten. The romance isn't all over, even if the nature that most civilized folks know wears ear-taps and carpet slippers. If a man doesn't ask for the fine thrill of risk, it is quite possible in days like these to have a roof, food, clothes, and even make a sort of success in life without once coming face to face with what those who have had the brisk fun of meeting it are fond of calling "the real thing."

#### Youth

RAINBOWS AND FIREFLIES test how young the heart is. WORDS-WORTH has copyrighted credit for the daylight test:

"My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!"

The firefly is the test for hearts in evening. To realize what amazing creatures fireflies are, you have only to notice how a child will sit in wonderment on the front steps, watching the flashes of these points of light—these tiny, winged, self-eclipsing stars. Boys use a phrase which imputes that they found their fire somewhere in the clouds, much in the fashion that bees gather honey from flowers—they call them "lightnin' bugs." To older eyes they are insects with lanterns in their tails, flashing at intervals like lighthouse beacons. It is an added pleasure that there is much disagreement among scientists about the reason for these illuminated tails and the manner of their operation. May the scientists never find out anything concerning fireflies—the less they know the merrier! It is part of what STEVENSON calls "the first and pure enjoyment of existence" to find interest in watching these flashes until at last one wonders if they come from bugs at all. They might be flickering stars, and nobody knows how many millions of miles away! How shall we say what we mean?—that to be able to look at fireflies with something of a child's wonder and something of a man's sense of the mystic is part of success in life. One of THOREAU's prose rhapsodies tells it this way: "If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal—that is your success."

#### The Farm of Hope

NOT BEANS AND POTATOES, but honest, healthy men was the harvest which was demanded of Kansas City's farm for workhouse prisoners. A little over a year ago a writer for COLLIER'S described the first stage of what was then an experiment, and which was labeled "The Farm of Hope." The twelve months since then have raised the rank of the place to a Farm of Proven Worth. The crops in nearly every instance have been improved behavior after release, more self-respect, and often an apparent cure of drug habits and drunkenness. Such letters as the following from a former prisoner are valued more by the Board of Public Welfare than two hundred and fifty bushels of apples and five hundred heads of cabbage:

"One thing I can say, and that is that I have not touched a drop of drink since I left the Farm and don't intend to. Tell the boys I hope that they are getting along O.K. with the barn. Tell them also that their old alfalfa is dead until spring and there ain't no use worrying about it. Now that I am out, I can say that the Farm done me about five thousand dollars' worth of good. For I was a booze fighter and was arrested a number of times, and that, as you know, is what gets half of us poor devils in all kinds of trouble."

Where the prisoners in the old-fashioned "castle," which the city still maintains, have been a dead loss of sixty cents a day to the municipality, the men who were sent to the farm have each earned for the city a profit of twenty-eight cents a day, have built two residences on the property, a two-story dormitory, a barn, a hillside road, and have transformed a neglected farm into a prosperous garden and orchard. In every way the farm has been a profitable investment. The visitor who watches these workmen never feels that sinking of the heart that reformatories and prisons usually cause. There are no guards with rifles, no uniforms, no leg irons, and few sullen faces. Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF of Philadelphia, who long has preached that the Jews should return to farming and who every year has been teaching sixty city boys how to garden, recently spoke of the Kansas City municipal farm as a moral hospital. "I came to see prisoners and found myself conversing with fast convalescing moral patients," he said. "I came to see wreckages of drunkenness and dissipation and vagrancy, and found myself among men engaged in uplifting and contenting labor. It was there where I saw for the first time . . . that our criminal classes are, to an overwhelming degree, morally defectives, who require hospital treatment as much as those require it who are physically ill. It was there that I saw applied the only effective prophylactic for moral disease, viz., wholesome, stimulating, productive labor, in the free and open, on GOD'S broad acres, under GOD'S sun."



# What the World Is Doing

## A Record of Current Events

### The Man Who Came Back

A SERIES of actions have emanated from Oyster Bay. Whether they spell Insurgency or Stiff-Necked Conservatism, the forecasters will rapidly determine. Meantime, here are the acts themselves:

Mr. Roosevelt sends Gifford Pinchot, Conservationist, to California to take the stump for Hiram Johnson, Republican Insurgent and candidate for Governor against a batch of regulars.

Mr. Roosevelt cheered Liberty Bailey in his country life movement (described in the next column), encouraged him to organize a national convention, and promised him a speech for the cause.

Mr. Roosevelt talks throughout an evening with Governor Hughes of New York, and chats at some length with William S. Bennet, Republican Congressman from the Seventeenth, New York; the editor of the insurgent and independent newspaper, the Kansas City "Star"; James W. Wadsworth, Speaker of that conservative and regular body, the New York State Assembly.

Next day Mr. Roosevelt made the safe and sane announcement that he wanted "the best man" to run as Republican candidate for Governor in New York.

Then in his weekly bulletin for July 16, he writes that he hopes the Reno contest will be the last prize-fight to take place in the United States. He says it would be an admirable thing if some method could be devised to stop the exhibition of the moving pictures taken thereof. He writes that he believes in boxing as a sport.

"Moreover, boxing as a profession has its good side also. Among the men whose friendship and regard I have really valued I could name a number of professional boxers, including several ring champions."

A few estimates of Mr. Roosevelt have been set afloat. The English "Nation," a little stung that so true a democrat should be found on the side of the conquering people, rebuked Mr. Roosevelt for his speech on the British policy in Egypt. They did it in a slightly roundabout fashion by picturing him as the hurtling or cannon-ball hero tearing rudely through Europe.

The "Nation" said: "Striding over the continents, trampling on the sensibilities of Egyptians, stirring up the old sun-dried world of Rome, a facile word at his lips, a chronicler at his elbow, Mr. Roosevelt is supremely, typically the natural muscular man."

Bernard Shaw, who is passionate in his defense of the underdog, even when the beast is a yellow mongrel cur, arises in his wrath at the Guildhall speech, and says:

"His utterances are of the most elementary order: 'God is Love,' 'Honesty is the Best Policy,' and 'Procrastination is the Thief of Time,' is about the best that Mr. Roosevelt can do. They are dear old phrases to be found in every copy-book, and I am left wondering whether Mr. Roosevelt's imagination ends here. He will be crowned Emperor amid the plaudits of 80,000,000 of people and Kermit Roosevelt will reign after him.

"That is, of course, if my surmise is correct, and that Mr. Roosevelt has anything in him at all. He veils his personality beneath a cloud of the commonplace."

### Self-Conscious Boston

JOHN FRANCIS FITZGERALD, the Mayor of Boston, seems to have struck a national note when he referred to the untidiness of Boston. The echoes of that pronouncement roll clear across the continent. Is it joy at discovering a fault in an immaculate contemporary? Does the nation rejoice at finding a flaw in a morally Spotless Town

in the way a boy likes to discover a dent in the deacon's hat?

Anyway, here is what the man who has won the name of Honey Fitz said of his borough:

"Not only are the streets littered with papers, house sweepings, and all sorts of miscellaneous refuse, but the parks, especially after a Sunday or a holiday, show visible evidence of the throngs which have resorted to them, in the shape of newspapers, lunch boxes, paper bags, and other articles that are tossed about by the wind, and give the lawns and meadows a most unsightly aspect."

The "Sun" says that one of the principal dangers to the stranger in Boston is that some house-cleaning servant or wife will open an upper window and throw out a dustpanful of sweepings on him as he passes by. "This explains why Bostonians all keep to the outside edge of the sidewalk as they go about town."

The newspaper further says that this knowledge accounts also for that curious hunching of the shoulders and indrawing of the head which Bostonians practise almost instinctively when they hear a window open. "It is an odd fact, too, that the Boston stoop, which is euphemistically attributed to the habit of reading, is in fact the outcome of the necessity of keeping a sharp watch fixed on the sidewalks in order not to slip on fruit rinds."

### Country Life

LIBERTY BAILEY is a desirable citizen because he combines a wide-ranging and theorizing mind with severe practical experience in growing things. As head of the Cornell Agricultural College, he has sent out many scientific farmers. He was head of Mr. Roosevelt's Commission on

Country Life, which of late has been languishing for lack of that energizing friend.

Professor Bailey, speaking at a sociological conference on July 11, said that Mr. Taft had not taken any interest in the country life movement, but that it will take form, like the conservation movement, in a big national convention. Professor Bailey said:

"I hope conditions will be ripe to hold the convention soon after the Pinchot convention at St. Paul in September.

"Our movement I regard as only another phase of the work being done by Mr. Pinchot. He wants the resources of the country administered for all its people. We want the discoveries of science and the conveniences of city life carried to the farmer, so that 'sticking with the soil' will not mean what it now means in the way of privations and unsanitary surroundings.

"To bring this about, we must develop a good mode of education by means of agriculture in public schools. The second necessity is that city folk and country folk work together on equal terms on all great public questions."

He further pleaded for the sending of broadly trained men into the open country.

### Woman Suffrage

THE House of Commons showed it believed in limited woman suffrage, but didn't wish to try it. A bill, which would give to all women now entitled to vote at municipal elections the power to vote at Parliamentary elections, was favorably voted on by the House on July 12 with a ballot of 299 to 190. Then the House voted to refer it to the committee of the whole by a vote of 320 to 175. This successfully shelves the bill till the Government decides to take it down again and blow off the dust from its quiet slumbers.

Meanwhile, the suffragists are biding their time. During the consideration of this bill, there has been scarcely any demonstration by them. They are evidently making amendments to their former militant tactics.

### Deaths in Aviation

THE man who crossed and re-crossed the English Channel by biplane was killed on July 12. Charles Stewart Rolls fell in his aeroplane at Bournemouth from a height of eighty feet, and was almost instantly killed. The fatal accident took place during the Bournemouth aviation meet, and was the result of a contest in manipulation of the machine for position.

Rolls had been a daring automobilist and balloonist.

Some of the deaths by aeroplane accidents have been:

1908—Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, United States army, fell September 17, with Orville Wright, at Fort Myer, near Washington, D. C. 1909—E. Lefebvre, fell September 7, in a Wright biplane, at Juvisy-sur-Orge, France; Ena Rossi, fell September 22, in a machine of his own design, near Rome; Captain Louis F. Ferber, fell September 22, at Boulogne; Antonio Fernandez, fell December 6, at Nice. 1910—Leon Delagrangue, fell January 4, in a Farman biplane, at Bordeaux; Hubert Le Blon, fell April 2, at San Sebastian, Spain; Chauvette Michelin, fell May 13, at Lyons; Eugene Speyer, fell June 17, at San Francisco; Karl Robl, fell June 18, at Stettin; Charles Wachter, fell July 3, in an Antoinette monoplane, at Reims.

Oscar Erbslöh, the German aeronaut, and his four companions fell almost 1,000 feet from a dirigible balloon on July 13 in Rhenish Prussia. They were, of course, dashed to pieces. The very distance of such a fall is a new thing in human history.



A Standpatter in Action

There is more to be sorry for than to be laughed at in the present activities of a man whose age and temperament have made him blind to what is going on about him

# What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



The End of a Monorail Excursion

A hundred passengers were crowded into the car of the new monorail road from Bartow to City Island, New York, for the initial trip July 16, when on rounding a curve at about thirty miles an hour, half a mile from Bartow, the vehicle lost its balance, left the track, and burrowed a short distance through the sand of the road-bed before coming to a stop. The car had no gyroscope. Fourteen people were injured. The same car had run successfully for five months at the Jamestown Exposition

## Branding the Children

NO. 11,634, aged 17—about ready to go to high school, had he been your boy—wanted to go fishing. It was knee deep in June, and it was said that the perch were biting vehemently down around the bend. But No. 11,634 had no fishing tackle. So down in Randolph County, No. 11,634 broke into a pump house, and, as he expected, found the necessities of a day in June. No. 11,634 said the 'tackle' was worth fifty cents, but the court said it was worth two years, and the court had its way, for No. 11,634 is one of the 435.

That is to say, he is one of the 435 boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty years that Missouri has discovered in her State penitentiary at Jefferson City. They are shut up in a crowded prison where they associate for two or three years or more with professional thieves—old-time-and-proud-of-it criminals. The quotation from the Kansas City "Times" given above relates a good example of how a trivial offense may damn a boy's life. The reporter who wrote the account ended by turning his news description into an unusually strong editorial. Perhaps he was justified.

"It appears that most of the 435 boys have been very careless," he wrote. "Usually they began their mistakes by choosing the wrong kind of parents. The next mistake follows readily, and, if the State finds it out, it means that the boy shall be tried, sentenced, uniformed, photographed, and measured by the Bertillon system, have his head shaved and be confined for a term of years behind walls of stone, picketed by armed guards. Besides this, he shall breakfast with murderers, lunch with pickpockets, and dine with burglars. Henceforth he shall be known as a 'convict.' After his education is finished the State expects him to rise rapidly in the world and justify the pains that have been taken thus to train him for the real business of life!"

As an example of the careless way the boys have chosen their parents, he tells of two young men of eighteen who never had been taught the use of knives and forks for eating utensils. Two boys from Carter County are serving two-year terms for breaking into a box-car and stealing some watermelons. Seventeen-year-old Italian Tony didn't

know of the law against carrying concealed weapons, so he is serving two years in prison for his ignorance of law and English. No. 11,727, also aged seventeen, is in the penitentiary for stealing five dollars' worth of candy. His thirteen-year-old brother got a dollar's worth of the stolen goods, so he was sent to the reform school.

## Three More Months of Gaynor

"But will you be so good as to remember that ours is a government of laws and not of men? Will you please get that well into your head? I am not able to do as I like as mayor. I must take the law just as it is."—Mayor Gaynor to an over-zealous clergyman.

IN THE opinion of most, Mayor Gaynor has maintained the speed of his opening weeks in office. His acts and words and letters have continued to interest, startle, and amuse a blasé city. So continuous has been the play of his energy that it seems as if he would wear himself down. But a few looks at the man will reassure one. He is in health, ruddy and clear-eyed, and as alert as an athlete stripped for the race.

So large and rich in promise is the job of running New York City efficiently that already Mr. Gaynor is being mentioned frequently and even persistently for two other offices, that of candidate for New York State Governor and of Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1912.

The investigations into poorly-run, graft-ridden, expensive departments in city government have been pressed home. In the happy, fruitful past the dockmasters used to issue receipts to shipmasters for amounts collected from them. But no exact track of the collections was made, and much loose money was juggled. The Mayor issued warrants for the arraignment of these light-fingered dockmasters. Some of them skipped, and all of them will be reorganized.

Out in the Borough of Queens the Mayor has been investigating Gresser, the Borough President, who is one of the few lone Democrats on the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

By placing an efficient man with a searchlight of an eye at the head of the Bureau of Weights and Measures, Mr. Gaynor has revitalized that dead

bureau. "Trade customs" had sprung up, which meant an almost universal system of short weights and petty cheating of customers in food values.

City marshals are the sheriffs of the poor man's courts. They execute writs in the lower municipal courts. The threescore officially appointed city marshals have swollen to nearly six hundred fake marshals, pretending to have power over the poor. They have been licensed pirates, plundering the helpless. An investigation of them is under way. Several have been removed. A round half-dozen fake marshals were convicted.

The system of indiscriminately locking up people for minor offenses is being weakened. The lessening of the number of plain-clothes men, the attack on professional bondsmen, are all part of the Mayor's effort to end official interference.

The printing scandal was almost the biggest bubble pricked by the new Mayor of New York. It may mean the saving to the city of nearly a million dollars a year expended on city printing. It has been the pleasant custom of former administrations to print in the City Record the annual budget several times. Thus a bill of \$74,000 for that alone would be run up against the taxpayers.

An ambition of the Mayor's is to eliminate all the white elephants which have been passed on from one administration to another—long accumulations of trouble safest to sidestep. Such were the franchise taxes and the Grade-Crossing Commission.

A favorite trick of his is to throw open to the general public a subject for discussion. So he did with the vexed matter of subways, their routes, their profits and losses. So with a wise and well-guarded Fourth of July.

His sententious, naive, amusing letters give him the chance to try out the popular mind, and see how it is feeling toward suggested reforms and plans.

## Up and at Them

GIFFORD PINCHOT traveled to Kansas City to talk about conservation, and was surprised to see ex-Czar Joseph turn up at the same dinner party. Mr. Cannon explained that though he had been invited to visit Kansas year after year for six years, he had found no true occasion for a

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# What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



An Anti-Clerical Demonstration in Madrid

On July 7 King Alfonso signed the bill drawn up by Premier Canalejas, forbidding further religious orders to enter Spain until negotiations with the Vatican as to a revision of the kingdom's present agreement with the Holy See are concluded. The bill was presented to the Cortes on July 8. Commercial bodies joined together in a petition to limit the growth of the orders for monopolizing many branches of industry and commerce, and paraded the streets with many hostile demonstrations

journey to Insurgent-land until this summer. He and Mr. Pinchot shook hands, then removed their coats—in both the literal sense and the figurative. Mr. Cannon led with a right to the jaw. . . . No, not that, yet something about "right to jaw." Mr. Pinchot came back as he always does with an un- oratorical business man's statement of facts. He referred to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as the Father of Conservation. When a guest protested against too much mention of the Republican Party, Mr. Pinchot thanked the man who interrupted, and said he believed that a public-spirited Democrat is not very different from a public-spirited Republican. "And it's going to take all the good Democrats and all the good Republicans to put the special interests out of politics," he added.

To the Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon all this was heresy, treason, and anarchy. He was an old-line Republican—"just an old-fashioned Republican!" He sneered at all Insurgents and laughed at the suggestion that a new party might be formed.

"Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story of a big fellow in his neighborhood," the Speaker said in his peroration. "I'm going to compare the Republican Party with this big fellow. This particular fellow was the champion of the neighborhood. He could whip anybody except his wife. She was a little bit of a woman with a temper and a sharp tongue. She used to go after him and hit him, and the big fellow never would strike back. Lincoln asked him one day why he should let his wife strike him. 'It affords her a lot of satisfaction,' the big fellow said, 'and it doesn't hurt me.'"

With this comforting story for his inspiration, the Speaker started for Winfield, Kansas. The weather forecast for Kansas at this writing is "storms and much hotter."

July 30

## Paying Up the Cherokees

THE last payment of money, owing by the United States Government to the Cherokee Nation, foremost of the Five Civilized Tribes, is being disbursed to what is known as the Emigrant or Eastern Cherokees, about 32,000 in number, each of whom, with the exception of about 3,000, will receive the per capita sum of \$133.19, while the latter will be paid \$133.18 each. The total payment will be close to \$3,500,000. Of these Cherokees not less than 27,000 live in Oklahoma, the others being scattered in numerous other States. In the 30's all the Cherokees were living in the States of Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and South Carolina. Pressure was exerted by both the State and Federal Governments to force the Cherokees from their old home to the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. A

considerable number of the Cherokees yielded to the inevitable and moved to Indian Territory, where they became known as the Western Cherokees. A strong faction of the Cherokees, under the leadership of their chief, John Ross, resisted removal for a number of years, but finally entered into a treaty with the Federal Government, one of the provisions of which was that upon their removal to Indian Territory they should be paid the sum of \$5,000,000 in lieu of pending claims and for the expense of removal. They were known as the Eastern Cherokees, and were paid \$4,000,000 of their treaty money in the late 30's. There was dispute over the remaining \$1,000,000, and not until several years ago did they get judgment in the United States Court of Claims for this sum, with accrued interest, amounting approximately to \$4,500,000. Expenses reduced the sum finally to be paid to the Cherokees to about \$3,500,000.

The disbursement began June 22 at Tahlequah, the tribal capital.

The scene at Tahlequah was picturesque. Cherokees with their families came in wagons and on horseback from as far south as the Red River, and from as far north as the State line of Kansas. Peace officers with big pistols exposed in their belts kept watch to see that there was no disorder, and that no whisky was sold to the Indians.

Many of these Eastern Cherokees are poor, but all of them singularly honest. In anticipation of the payment, merchants and traders have been giving extensive credit for the last three or four years. It is estimated that probably \$2,500,000 is owing to these creditors. That they might be on the ground promptly to meet the debtor with his money the moment he emerged from the office of the disbursing agent, these merchants and bankers built two lines of booths close to the scene.

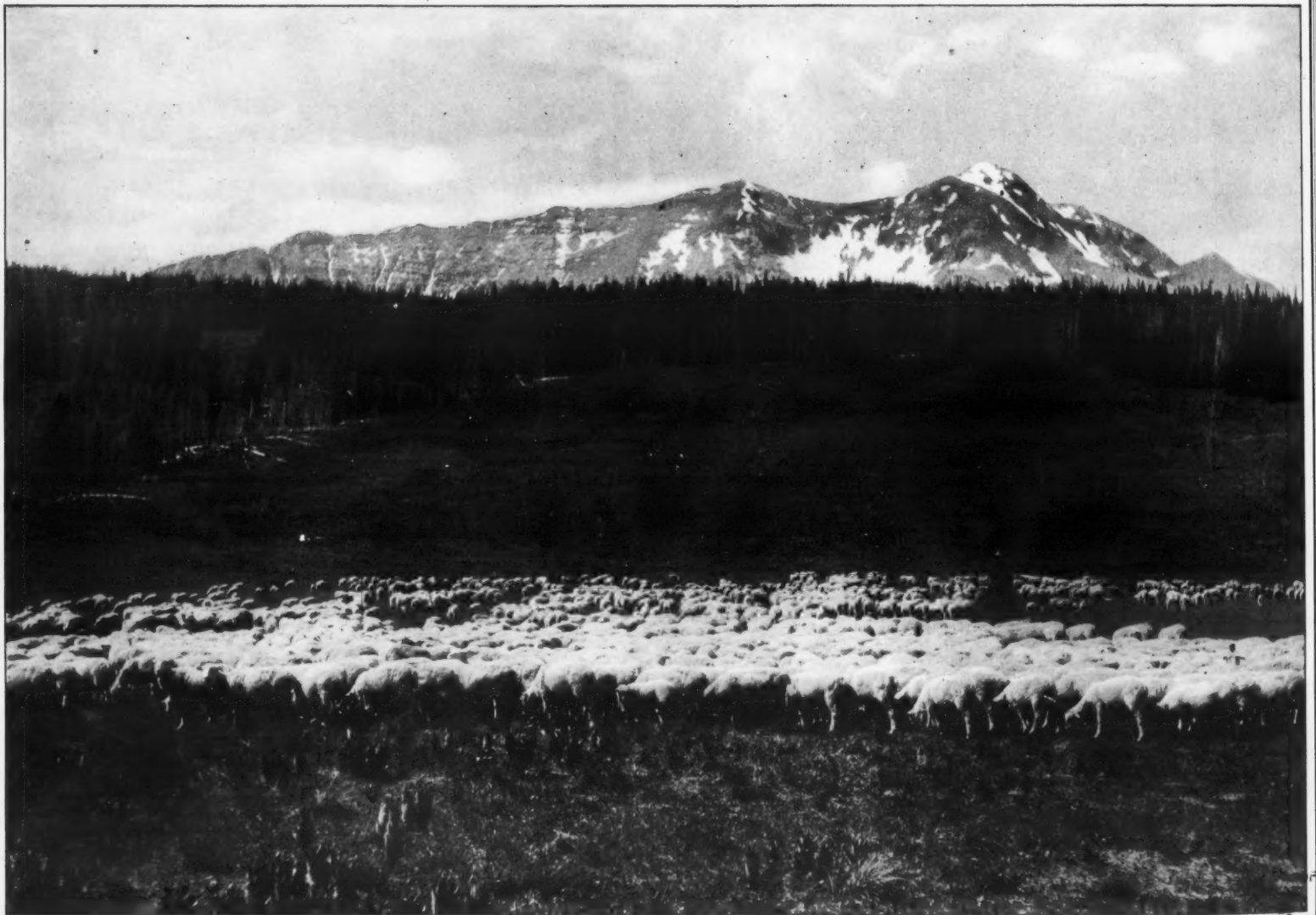


Chinese-American School Children

The second annual commencement on July 15 of the Mott Street Chinese Public School, New York. This was established by the Imperial Government through the intercession of local Chinese merchants. Male graduates are entitled to enter the University of Peking



A goat ranch in a national preserve, New Mexico—flocks may be retained with fences as if on private property



A flock of sheep with their herder ranging in the Colorado timber lands—the same pastures in which they browsed before the days of conservation

## Putting the National Forests to Use

It has been the definite policy of the Forestry Division of the Agricultural Department, of recent years, to encourage sheep and cattle ranging in the National Forests, the Government exacting only nominal grazing fees upon the animals pastured

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"The two men hauled; a heavy load it was, and they saw him go under—once, twice, three times he went . . ."

# HEROES

*Dinnie and Geordie, the Stokers—a Modern Tale of the High Seas*

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. AYLRARD

DINNIE tucked the stowaway under the blanket. "Squeeze in by the ship's side, b'y. That's it—that's the good b'y. But will you?"—Dinnie turned to his mate—"take a look at the size of him, Geordie?"

Geordie took a look. And went off in a roar. "The littleness 'f 'im, Dinnie. And stowed away in there—ho, ho, Dinnie!—e's like, like the larst little bloater in the corner o' the box!"

"Tis more a sardine size I'd say he was, Geordie. But he'll be all right soon. Won't you, b'y? Sure you will. That's the lad. Look at the smile of him now, Geordie."

"Aye, but so frightened like, Dinnie."

"And why wouldn't he be?—not knowin' what's goin' to happen to him, the poor lad. But wouldn't you think, Geordie, *wouldn't* you think now, when his father died in service, as you might say, they'd be givin' the lad a free passage home? But no matter now. We've got him through the first night anyway, and who knows maybe we'll get him all the way across and no ship's officer the wiser. 'Twould be fine, though, could we be payin' the passage money oursel's, wouldn't it, Geordie? Sure and it would; but we couldn't hardly be doin' that on our wages. But maybe we'd better be goin' below. And till we be comin' back"—he held a finger up to the stowaway—"no n'ise, b'y, no n'ise."

"Aye, lad," affirmed Geordie, "no noise, lad; for it's watch and watch, y'know, and when we goes they comes. And not always in the best bloody temper. Four hours of 'eavin' coal into a row of bloody fire-boxes—it don't go to the makin' of a 'eavenly temper, do it, Dinnie?"

"Har-r-dly, Geordie, har-r-dly. But let us go below now."

Away down below in that boiler compartment next the bottom of the ship Dinnie and Geordie shoveled and raked, sliced and panted and sweated. Good workers this pair. No need for the watch officer to bother them; but there were those who had to be driven, who staggered and swayed as they worked, and gave much back talk, which made for bad feeling. It may have been that they were still weak, or it may have been that they intended to do no more for the company than they had to; perhaps just off a drunk. Perhaps so. However, now in the first morning watch of the trip they looked gray and sick, and staggered between furnaces.

An hour and a half of steady going and Geordie stepped over for a drink of water, and just then a steward looked in.

Now conversation between stewards and other ship's people is not always sweet-tempered, but now and then a trusting stoker hopes to meet a civil steward, as now. "Hi s'y, stoard, is 't foggy as they say outside?" asked Geordie, very politely.

"Hi don't know 'ow foggy they said it was," replied the steward wittily, and rushed off.

"You don't? Well, blarst your bloody heyes, if you'll come back 'ere hi'll tell you—an' mike soup of the h'air you're breathin' so 'aughtily."

Dinnie touched his chum's arm. "Don't be mindin' the likes o' him, Geordie. A steward! Sure what's a steward?"

"That's right, maties, what's a steward?"

They peered to see who this might be. Sure enough it was the young New Yorker, who had

helped them smuggle the young lad aboard. "We people"—he waved an easy hand—"have to shovel like coolies and sweat like horses, but there 're some things we don't have to do. No man, just because he happens to have the price of a saloon passage can say to us: 'Here, damn your eyes, where's my shaving water this morning?' And when saloon he feels a bit seasick and heaves his last meal any old place, it's not us that has to get down on our knees like a wet nurse and— But you haven't got the makin's, have you?"

Dinnie passed over the paper and tobacco and Cummings began to roll a cigarette, talking easily meanwhile. "I wouldn't mind havin' the money, though, that some of those guys get in tips. It'd be me for a few of the gay European metropolises between trips, you betcher. But jee-zooks! what's the use?"

Dinnie watched him in admiration. "You're the furst lad ever I see could rall one of them things with one hand an' kape on talkin' with the other."

"Well, that's something, I suppose—even if I don't ever get a medal for anything else. But you were asking that classy steward if it was still foggy. Geordie, was it? Well, it's just as foggy now as it's been all night. And what do you know about that—full speed all night in the fog?"

"H-m—it's little you know of the ways of ocean liners, I'm thinkin'."

"Don't forget we're between Sandy Hook and Nantucket, where you're liable any minute to pick up a coaster or a fisherman or another steamer on our bow." He drew the tip of his tongue along the edge of his cigarette paper. "And why is it?" He caught the string of the tobacco bag and drew it tight in his teeth. "Yes, why do they do it?" He lifted a

small hot coal with a bit of waste and held it to his cigarette—puff, puff—he inhaled the smoke, held it a moment and sent it flying through his nose. "It's against the law, isn't it? Then why do they do it?" "I'll tell you why, b'y. We has to be at the Azores, d'y'see, on next Thursdah mornin'—say Thursdah early."

"And why early?"

"So the passengers can have their day ashore. And we has to be at Gibraltar on the followin' Mondah mornin' early, so the passengers can have their day ashore agin. If the passengers—tourists, d'y'see—don't have their allowance of time ashore they'll be sayin': 'What the devil kind of a line is this that don't give us time to see all these fine places they advertise? Did ever y' read one o' the little books they gives out? No? Y'ought to. They're instructive—and amusin'. Comfort and safety—safety they says. And we can't be slowin' down, d'y'see? And so full tilt through the fog we has to go."

"H-m—and some day there'll be a fine mess, won't there? And—jee-zooks! what's that?" He reached his free arm out for support. "Jee-zooks! d'y'see that?" he ejaculated, and, snapping his half-smoked cigarette across the deck, he bolted for the ladder.

**D**INNIE and Geordie gripped each other. A great bump it was, with one side of the fire-room deck rising high and a lot of coal in the bunkers on that same side tumbling down.

"Faith and 'twill save some coal-passin' that," said Dinnie. Then the tearing and grinding of the ship's plates outside. More coal fell on the deck and thin splashes of sea-water; and then—from above their heads, from above the coal-pile—came sea-water in great sheets.

The flying New Yorker took another backward look. "Twenty feet below the water-line, no place for me—jee-zooks, no!" and continued after the others of the fire-room gang, who, having hove away shovels, slice-bars, whatever they had in their hands, were rushing for the upper regions. Some went out by the bulkhead door and into the passageway, but most of them jumped for the narrow iron ladder, where immediately was a congestion, with haulings and elbowings, mixed language, and the appearance for a time as if nobody would ever get clear.

Cummings was the last of the crowd to the ladder, and, having to wait on those before and above him, took time for another look about the fire-room. Just two men there. Hauling the fires out from under the boilers they were. Already they had cleaned out two, and from where the intruding water was creeping over the heaps of red coal the steam was ascending in clouds.

**T**O CUMMINGS it seemed that these two men did not realize their danger. "The ship's side is all stove in," he called out.

They paid no attention. "They don't hear me," thought Cummings, and thrust his head forward for a better view. "Why, if it ain't Dinnie and Geordie!" and megaphoned through his hands. "Hey there, you people, come on! They'll nobody pin any medals on you for that; come on!"

But they continued to work feverishly. Even while the New Yorker was warning them they had cleared out another fire-box. "Jee-zooks!" said Cummings, and, having by now a clear ladder-way, set his foot on a rung, and from there looked back once more. "They're sure a couple of lobsters," he muttered, but waited, nevertheless; and, waiting, noticed that the water was up to his shoe-tops. He drew another deep breath, took another look up the ladder, and "Jee-zooks!" he groaned, and slipped over and yelled in Dinnie's ear: "What do I do?"

Dinnie looked around. Cummings thought the stoker would be surprised, but he didn't seem to be. "Hulloh, b'y!" was his cheerful greeting. "Do what

we're doin'—haul the fires. And wurk fasht, b'y—wurk fasht."

**C**UMMINGS began to haul out the hot coals, too. And hauled them fast. It was the only safe way. The outrushing heat, he thought, would shrivel up his insides, while outside it was as if his flesh would blister under the uprising steam. One fire-box, another, and the sea-water was half-way to his knees. He looked around to see how his chums were making out. They were hardly to be seen through the steam, but it encouraged him to see that they, too, had to turn away their heads before the uprush of the steam.

The fires were all hauled, and Cummings, conceiv-

the outrushing steam, the click of the buttoning keys in the dark.

"And now the injine-room, Geordie."

"O, aye, the engine-room doors, Dinnie," and the pair of heavily-moving bodies came toward him again. And passed him, and on toward the engine-room. Cummings let his hands drop. And pulled them up hurriedly—they were wet. What—to his hips already? What lobsters, those two! And yet there they were—still on the job. He felt of the ladder to locate it afresh, and then—Jee-zooks!—he turned and waded for the engine-room.

He could hear Geordie before he reached them. "And that 'ere h'electric-light machine flooded and not h'even a lantern, Dinnie! A blasted rotten un I calls this ship."

"Rotten enough, Geordie b'y, but hush now. And did we turn all the keys, I dunno? Wait, if these matches are only dhry." Cummings saw the flare of it and the light held high above Dinnie's head. He saw, too, the two top-keys, not yet turned. "Let me," he said—"I'm taller."

"What! and you here yet? Well, well, that's the b'y. Now the other one. That's it. An' now for the other dure."

"Jee-zooks! Dinnie, but ain't there any end to this? Up to my chest already."

"Hush, b'y, hush! What harm is a little wather on your chest?"

"Won't she sink under us?"

"I dunno will she or no. But she sur-r-tinly will if we don't get that other dure closed—and that soon."

"Aye, an' bloody well soon."

**T**HEY reached the other door and began on the keys. But they would not turn. "Tis the bulkhead bucklin' under the weight of the sea. You have the weight, Geordie—throw yoursel' agin it whilst the two of us turns them. Come, b'y, come now. Now, Geordie! Now agin! There she is. And now agin! That's it. And agin! And now for the way out. Come on, Geordie b'y. And where are you, avick? Where are you, me bowld New Yorker?"

"Here," called out Cummings hastily.

"Wait. Maybe I can light another match to see the way out. I've been kapin' these around me neck with me tobacco to hold 'em dhry like, but I fear—yes, the little devils they're wet. Well, we'll have to find it in the dark. Lay the coorse, b'y, and lay it shtraight. Geordie's no champeen at swimmin', and sorra

the shstroke can I swim at all mesel'."

"Can't swim—and water to our necks! Well, I can swim all right. Here, take hold of my hand," and with joined hands the three of them made the ladder. One deck higher and they leaned on the hand-rail of the grated hatch to get breath. The sweat was rolling off Cummings, but he was safe and the ship was safe and everybody aboard was safe.

**S**TILL as could be lay the little stowaway while the stokers off watch came into the room and made ready to turn in. Not such a terrible lot, but they did swear; a couple of them more than they ought to, more even than the big Englishman Geordie. He snuggled his head under Dinnie's coat, which was his pillow, and lay quiet, wondering how long the last one, who was sitting on the edge of his bunk smoking, how long before he would roll back into his bunk; and watching him, fell asleep. And sleeping, had a dream, a beautiful dream of being home with his father; and then a terrible dream of the bunk tumbling in and of his father suddenly changing into half a dozen tramping, excited men, and jumping up and running out the door.

The lad sat up, glad to find himself still in his bunk, and yet as he looked he saw the last of his room-mates running into the passageway. And a lot of other people were running through the passageway, past the door, and calling to each other as they ran. By then he knew that something funny had happened, and he fished out his shoes from under the bedtick and put them on and stepped into the

(Continued on page 2.)



Just two men were there—hauling fires out from under the boilers they were

ing his work to be over, made for the ladder. But they did not follow, and, looking around again, he saw them turning wheels, and presently heard a tremendous racket. "More trouble!" groaned Cummings. "Not through yet?" he called out.

"No, b'y, we must ease off the shteam yet," and hurriedly turned another valve. And Geordie turned one. And Cummings took to gaging the rising water. Suppose it did reach those boilers and they blew up? "Jee-zooks!" he muttered, and even more feverishly than Dinnie or Geordie took to turning valves, till there were no more to turn. He would surely have bolted up the ladder then but for the sight of these two professional stokers still on the job. Just two stokers! And for what? Jee-zooks, for what?

"It'll be the wather-tight doors now, Geordie," said Dinnie.

"O, aye, the water-tight doors, Dinnie."

**C**UMMINGS saw them wading through the blackened water—away from the ladder. "Say, ain't you people ever coming?" he yelled, and then the electric lights flickered, recovered, flickered and went out.

"This way, Geordie," he heard Dinnie calling, and heard, too, the heavy swishing of their bodies as they pushed through the water. He could hear, too, the directing words to each other, and after a moment the dull thud of a closing door. He could hear, also—so vehemently were they working and so eager was he for it—he could hear, despite the racket of

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# An Hour and a Half

*Tullius Tommy's Genius for Adventure and His Search for a Genuine Thrill*

By ARTHUR COLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOUNG

THE open piazza of the Claremont overlooked the North River, on whose glimmering surface floated and danced the shattered reflections of unattainable stars, of mundane lights on Jersey shores; over it moved the massive radiance of the ferry-boats and the single, lonely lights of unknown river craft. It seemed like a fourth at dinner, this river, a mysterious guest, whose dark yet brilliant face and insistent presence gave to all spoken words an added significance, an after-echo.

The waiter cleared the table, leaving only the coffee, and brought cards and a cribbage-board.

"I am disgruntled," cried Holst, "with your calmness."

"Why, he has an adventure," Minerva remonstrated, "whenever he turns around!"

"And what good does it do him," cried Holst, "which leaves him as the fish, which blinks not an eye in a waterfall? Look at me! With dead men's records and my Minerva, who is divinely quiet! In Munich, I study; in America, I lecture. I discover a theory, which to me is as twenty thousand embattled victories. I look at the stars, and travel twenty million miles of splendor. I look in my Minerva's eyes, and have rapture. I die, I faint, I fail! Champak odors! Queen Juno on Olympus! Ach, the wonderful life! But you, my T. T., who blink not an eye, who have seen and done too much, too many—What do I say? It runs off you like water off rubber. I beg of you, get wet!"

"You're d-dead right," said T. T. "What'll I do?"

T. T., Thomas Tully, Teetee, Tullius, Tommy—there were other variations—admired his brother-in-law for simple reasons of difference and humility, because himself was blonde, freckled, silent, stammering; whereas Holst was large, ruddy, and comely, with coal black beard and hair brushed back; and could, without shame or distress, state himself to be fainting on Champak odors, while looking as vivacious as a brass band; and could call Minerva Queen Juno on Olympus, which was not what a man would be apt to say. If, now, there were some way of making one's self like Holst, so as to be able to talk about Champak odors, and Queen Juno, and "embattled victories," and "million miles of splendor"—if it could be done, T. T. thought "it would be all right." He thought he would like it.

"DO!" rumbled Holst. "Do nothing! Shun action, shun incident, shun events, as the plague! Go float on the river and look at the stars. If by these you achieve happiness, it is good; but if you rope runaway railway trains and thereby achieve happiness, it is no good. No! It is the temporary, the foisted, the artificial, the adventitious, not the *Ding an sich*. For, my T. T., observe! It is the soul only that is real, its adventures, its storms, its forest trails, its hunter's watch and ambush. Me! I shall sit here one hour and one-half, to take coffee, to smoke, to play cribbage with Minerva, and have the time of my life, with the young-eyed cherubim choring in my innerness. It is my wisdom. Go away."

"All right." T. T. sought his hat and coat and departed. "He's a dear!" said Minerva, dealing cards. "He's dry as a stick!" grumbled Holst. "He's simple and straight!" retorted Minerva. "Where are the pegs?"

"Here are the pegs, O rose in the garden of Allah! He has seen too much of the world."

"You're partly right and partly German."

"Wholly German, mine evangel. Does that mean wrong? Your play."

"Sixteen."

"Twenty-four."

"Run of three and a go. It means partly wrong about T. T."

"Five and ten are fifteen. So? Is it wrong that I think he has seen too much of life without, and too little of life within, whereby his outer areas are hard as glass? Or is it wrong that I think it is your crib, my ivory and gold Athena?"

T. T. went down to the boathouse beyond the railroad tracks, and demanded a boat. The boat-keeper seemed unsurprised. Men often come down from the Claremont, for a row after dinner, in tall hats and evening dress, though not often alone.

He pulled out toward the middle of the river, drew in the oars, placed his silk hat in shelter under the bow seat, and lay down, bracing against the rowing seat, with his top-coat for a pillow.

Now then! Should one pick out one star to meditate upon, or let one's self float around in the spaces between stars? There was the North Star. One used that to journey by at night in the wild countries. He remembered traveling at night in Siberia with six bleary-eyed Mongolians of a tundra tribe, who intended to knock his head to pieces for

A tugboat dashed by, some forty feet away, a thud and splash and a passing on.

If one of those things, he thought, should run him down before he had had time to grow sensations, it would give rise to activity instead of meditation, and that would be against Holst's advice.

He sat up and looked around.

A ferryboat with a mass of lit windows was crossing above, going over to Fort Lee. A black barge, mysterious under its three lonely lights aloft, was moving north over by the Jersey shore. A large, white steam yacht was coming slowly down stream toward him, headed to pass him on the Manhattan side. The night was still except for the faint distant whistles of tug and ferry, the far-off murmur of streets, the little waves that lapped against the rowboat, and the soft, slow thudding of the yacht's engines.

To think of something and to do it were nearly inseparable in his habits. He dropped in his oars and pulled under the starboard of the white yacht. There were people talking loudly in the cabin. She must be going down to the Lower Bay. He would tie up under the stern, and meditate as far as Coney Island.

He felt along under the stern and came on an upright rudder iron painted white. The gilt letters of her name, *Norma*, could be made out overhead. The water under the rowboat bubbled and heaved with the slow churning of the screw. He slid the boat line around the upright, knotted it and lay down once more.

Now then! Concentration was the thing. If Holst said it could be done, it could. Seek quiet; meditate. Incidents are ruin. Action is poison.

"How do you do?" said a low voice.

A woman, or girl, was leaning on the rail over him, her face hardly distinguishable. Above her Panama hat hung the tangle and mesh of the Pleiades, and over each shoulder a yellow palpitating star.

"V-very well. How do you?"

It seemed only polite to sit up and give attention.

"What do you want?" she asked, keeping her voice still low, as if she did not wish to be heard in the cabin, where the conversation seemed mirthful, loud, and mainly masculine.

"M-m-meditate."

"Meditate!"

IF HE were to explain it all fully, so that nothing more could be asked, everything being plain and understood, perhaps she would let it drop there, lose interest in the subject, and leave him alone.

"Well, you see, f-fellow told me I was so strenuous outside that I didn't have anything worth much g-going on inside. Th-that way. Don't know how he knew, but he was all right. Says—says he has cherubim when he plays cribbage and it's a g-good thing. So—so I tied up here, so as not to be run over by t-tugboats. Th-that way."

He waited, but she said nothing.

"I'd like to meditate as far as Co-Coney Island."

She only leaned over to look more closely, to make out the face in the dark of the overhang, as indistinct and shadowed as her own.

Then she said hurriedly:

"Will you take me off?"

"Wha—what?"

"Will you row me ashore?"

"Why, sure!"

She disappeared for a moment or two and came again.

"Don't make any noise."



She knotted a rope to the rail, swung over and came hand under hand in a way that suggested gymnasiums

the sake of his clothes at some convenient place. He could not remember clearly why they did not. He remembered that the North Star kept telling him they were traveling east, still east, and that he was glad that it spoke English instead of some blanked hen-cackle Siberian dialect. But if one were trying to stretch his soul and make it show up what was in it, maybe he ought to fix on some star with which he had never had business connections.

He was not making any noise, he thought, and was going to say so, with indignation. Then he thought that she must be meaning to get away without observation from the cabin. She was nervous. But it did seem, if you want to make a person lose interest in you, that you oughtn't to tell the person what you were going to do about waking up your soul, because—

"I'm coming down."

She knotted a rope to the rail, dropped the other end into the boat, swung over and came hand under hand in a way that suggested gymnastics.

—because if you did, the person acted as if she had just waked up herself, and did not lose any interest in you so as to be noticed.

HE CAST off in silence, and when the yacht had passed on some distance, dropped in his oars softly.

"Where do you want to go?"

"I'd better go home first."

She seemed subdued, either with fright or melancholy.

"Wh-where is that?"

"There," pointing up the river, "just up from the

There was a muttering consultation, or dispute.

"Cost you two dollars."

"All right. Hand a l-line."

Presently they were moving up stream, towed by the power boat.

"The yacht is going to the West Indies," she went on quietly. "She belongs to my uncle. He and my aunt are aboard with a party."

"Sounds good."

"It isn't."

"Wh-what's the matter with the uncle, the aunt, and the p-party?"

"I hate it all!" she said, after a moment. "Their champagne, and bridge, and their talk."

"They don't get med-meditation enough?"

"They don't want to. It was bad enough at the house, but—" she hesitated, and added bitterly, "my aunt would never have taken me on the *Norma* if she had cared anything for me. At least she wouldn't have let them talk to me that way. Do you think I'm crazy?"

"N-not at all!"

"You needn't be polite to that extent. Well—something happened. If you knew those men you'd know it wasn't wrong to—what I'm doing. My uncle

was rather pale, but that might come from the stars only. She seemed self-controlled and resolute.

"There's something else," she said at last. "It's like being in a boat. The things that happen around you, the things you do, the things other people do, and the days coming after days, they're like the current and the wind that go by, and drive you and your boat on and on. But they are not the real things. They're outside. They're something else. They don't know anything of the hope and hunger you have. Whether they help you where you want to go, or drive you where you don't want to go, it's just as you have luck with them."

"W-well, where do you want to go? Where do I want to go?"

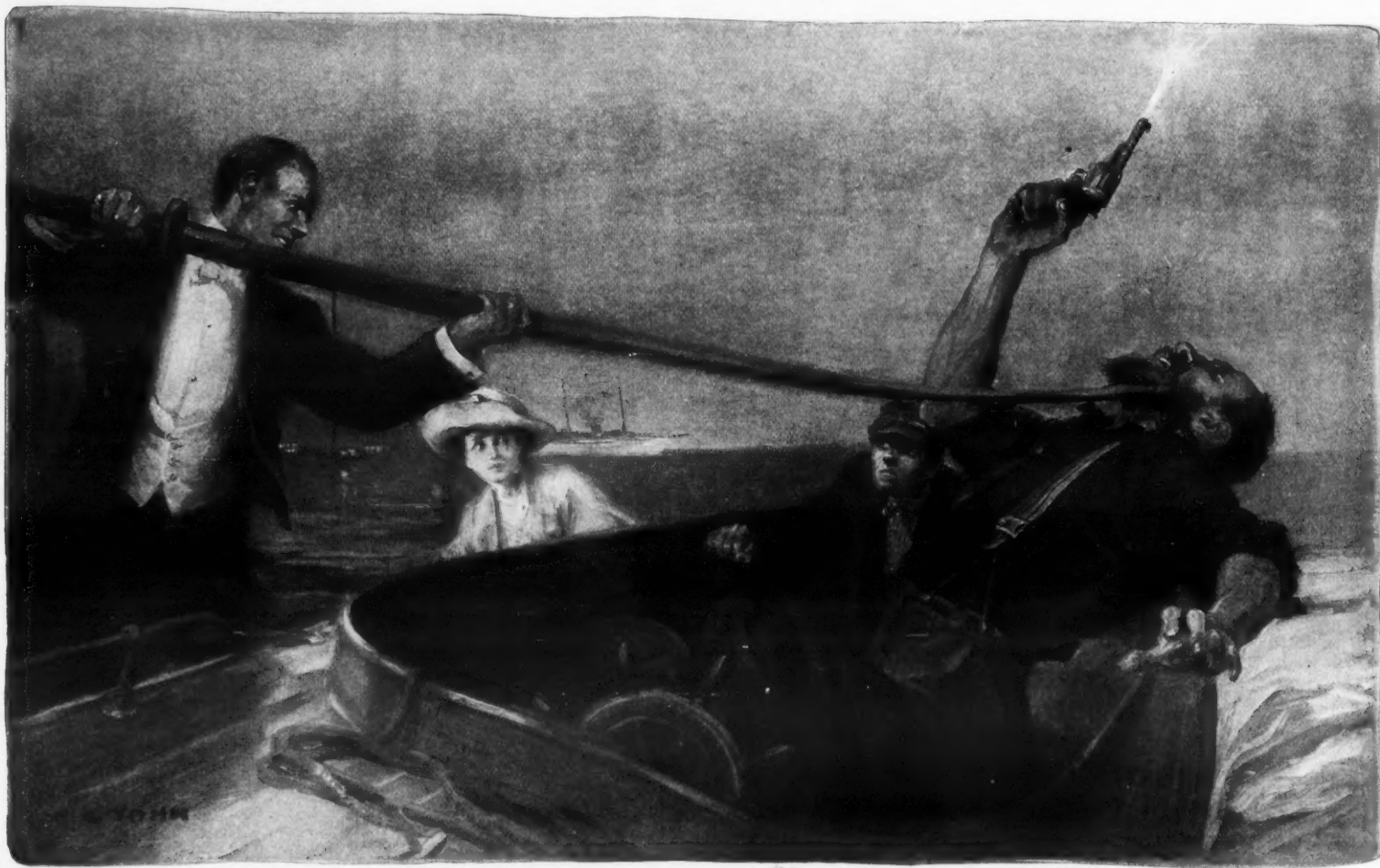
"We don't know."

"W-well, how do we know we want to go anywhere?"

"By the hope and the hunger."

"Oh! But s-see here! Wasn't it those kind of things I was going to ge-get by meditation, because I didn't have 'em? So I wasn't wanting to go anywhere."

"You must have had them. They were why you went to Africa and Alaska and Siberia. They're why



The oar-blade was jabbed savagely into the middle of his great beard, and T. T. threw himself against it swiftly and hard

shore, beyond the League Park, where the woods are highest. But don't row me that far. I can take the subway."

He paused, thinking ruefully of that duty to the inner life, those purposes hopefully in view, that resolve to follow after meditation like a hound with his nose to the scent, until by this means he obtained an innerness, exactly like Holst's, to sprout morning glories all over his potato field. He might row her up and meditate back again. But the tide was beginning to run out. There was a power boat coming up toward them. It made very little noise, but he could see it dimly. Having started, one liked to follow a thing through.

"I'll see if I can get a t-t-tow."

THEY waited, drifting in silence.

"Will they think you're drowned?" he said at last.

"No. I pinned a note to the rail. But they'll come back after me. Do you want it explained? You have a right to have it explained."

"N-no, I haven't."

"I'll tell you."

"Here's the p-power boat." It passed quite near, but there was no light aboard it. The engine was shut down suddenly at his call, like the quick silence and crouch of a startled animal.

"Give me a tow?"

"Where to?" said a muffled voice from one of the men in the power boat.

"A mile or two up."

means well enough, but he doesn't know what such things mean—to a girl—at least to me. After dinner he doesn't care. There! I'm going to be quiet now. I only want to pack a suit-case at the house. Then I'll go make some visits. Have I explained enough?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I shouldn't have talked this way, but I was so angry and scared. Now, I'll let myself alone. What were you going to meditate about?"

"J-just meditate."

"I spoiled your plan?"

"No, I can d-do it on the way back. Oh, s-see here! Do you think it's b-better to nail up to one star, or b-bunch and take 'em as they come?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Holst, he's professor of something in a c-college—that one down there with the d-dome thing on it—so-so-so he's full of hot doctrines. That way. Well, my sister Minerva says he thinks I'm all shell outside and all co-cold jelly in, and I g-gathered as much from what he was b-blowing off to-night. Well, wha-what would an oyster do if it wanted to be an angel? Th-that way. You see what I mean?"

"Yes, I see."

"D-do you?"

She sat silent for a moment, her chin on her hands. It was too dark to decide whether she were looking at him or over his head. She seemed by the starlight to be small, slender, dainty, immaculate in white duck, with dark hair rolling out from beneath her Panama hat. He had an impression that she

you came out to-night to be alone, and why I ran away from the *Norma*. They're the why of everything that counts. Maybe they're why my uncle drinks so, and my aunt— Oh, never mind! Hush up, Ann, you talk too much."

"Is that your name? Well, but—but how did you know—"

"There is the house."

THE shores which they were passing now were wooded, with the lights of houses here and there among the trees.

"There it is!" she said, pointing, and T. T. called: "Hullo! You can drop us here."

The engine of the power boat was shut down. The smaller of the two men aboard it pulled the tow line, drew the rowboat alongside, and leaned over and held it.

"Here's your m-money."

"I'll take that watch, too," remarked quietly the big man with the great beard and soft voice subdued. He held up a revolver in one hand and held out the other.

"Wh-what! Oh, all right!"

"Thanks. Your pocketbook. Thanks. I'll take those oars; I'll take the lady's watch, too."

He laid T. T.'s watch and pocketbook on the seat below. T. T. glanced back at the girl, who was taking something off her neck, doubtless her watch-chain. He picked up an oar, and said meekly:

"He—here's an oar."

"Thanks," said the big man, and added a choked



"Gluck!" The oar-blade was jabbed savagely into the middle of his great beard, and T. T. threw himself against it swiftly and hard.

The revolver spit red in the air, the big man went overboard with a roar smothered in a splash. The small man rose, staggered under a blow from the oar, and fell down.

T. T. leaped into the power boat and turned on the engine with a jerk—chuggity-chug—chug. He jumped for the small man, who begged feebly: "Le me 'lone!" and heaved him, scarcely resisting, overboard.

The rowboat escaped the plunging clutch of the big swimmer and slid away in the wake of the power boat.

The two men presently were swimming shoreward, some hundred yards away.

T. T. drew the rowboat close astern for conversation and reknotted the shortened tow line.

"All right?"

"Yes."

"We'll have to wait till they're safe away. They'd lay for us if we went ashore now."

"There comes the *Norma*," she said, pointing.

"He-hell—I mean h-ho, ho! Awfully sorry. I mean, you d-don't want that either."

The yacht was yet some distance down the river, but coming on furiously, with red and green lights to the fore, glaring wrath. T. T. swept the two boats in a circle, and came under the shadow of the shore.

The despoiled owners of the power boat were wading in as he passed. They stood waist-deep, and gazed dumbly after him, and at the yacht, whose approaching engines were soon after checked, and in a few moments one heard the rattle of the anchor-chain. The purloined power boat quickly covered a half-mile. T. T. sat, one foot dangled over the water and one hand behind him on the wheel. At last the girl looked up at him and laughed.

"Where are you taking me now?"

"We-well, Holst and my sister Minerva are playing cribbage on the piazza at the Claremont. He's squeezing her hand when he g-gets a chance. She g-gives him lots of chances."

"Shall I spoil that, too?"

"Too!"

"I spoiled your meditation."

"You did rather! B-but I'm not much good at it."

"You're good for pirates."

"They were pirates all right, regular g-guerillas. There's some loot here, kegs and bundles and some boxes."

He lit a match to examine. "M-merchandise, S. Ellis, New York." They must have t-tapped a warehouse. They must have a c-cache up the river. It's mucky in here. You're b-better where you are."

"If you don't steer better you'll run into some one."

"Hoy! Hold up there!" a sharp voice rang out behind.

It was another power boat. Apparently it had stopped to wait for them. Five men were aboard,

river patrolmen by their caps. But the girl in the rowboat, and T. T.'s white shirt shining in the rays of their slide lanterns, seemed to bewilder them.

"Where'd you get that boat?" said the officer in the prow.

"P-pirates. Do you want it?"

"Well—I was looking for it. But you're not the parties."

T. T. pointed up the river.

"I t-tipped 'em in and they swam ashore. It was where the wh-white yacht is."

"Whose gun went off?"

"B-bearded outrage with a peaceful voice."

"All right. That's him. Change over, Clancy," said the officer. "Take his name and address, and come after."

A few moments more and the two power boats were speeding away, and the rowboat was left to the black water, the stars, the shore lights. T. T. pulled silently at the oars.

"YOU'RE d-dead right," he said at last.

"What do you mean?"

"It's this way. I m-mean we're hopeful because we're hungry. It's the other side, s-same thing. It's something sending out wireless C. Q. D.'s, and always in tr-trouble, but never lost. Tha-that way. If it wasn't one, it w-wouldn't be the other."

"Have you been meditating through it all?" she asked with a little chuckle and laugh, so mixed as to sound pathetic.

(Concluded on page 22)

# The Mormon College Girl

*The Coed, Her Ideas and Ways, in a University of the Faith*

By SARAH COMSTOCK

THE Wasatch Mountains at Provo have tucked away in their pocket the unique little Brigham Young University—probably the most intensely Mormon school in Utah.

It is coeducational, as are all the institutions of the faith; and it was to see the coeds that I went there. They are typical Mormon girls, gleaned from every county in the State; partly from the towns, but chiefly from the farms which the Prophet caused to spring up in the desert.

It was not their logarithms and Greek roots I had come for; it was their college life. Therefore the professoress who was acting as guide led me up the back stair flight of a small house.

Two robust, rosy country girls greeted us. "Right in here," they said hospitably. "This is the parlor and bedroom and dining-room and kitchen."

They led us into a big, square, unadorned room containing couches, a dresser, a table loaded with books, a stove, and a Corner of Mystery. The Corner was darkly curtained and looked as if it only awaited the dimming of the light to open for a ghostly seance.

"These are representative B. Y. U. girls," the professor said.

"And where," I asked, looking about, "are the tokens?"

They did not understand.

"I never saw an abiding-place of college girls without pennants flaunting upon every wall, college cushions heaped upon every couch, college photographs littered everywhere."

"We don't have many embellishments," my guide explained. "The B. Y. U. girls don't seem to think about much but their education."

## Not Bothered with "Nerves"

IT WAS significant; it distinguishes the Mormon college girl from every other college girl in the country. She has few gaieties; she does not decorate her room, she does not organize innumerable societies. She merely goes to college. On Friday night she dances—but that is part and parcel of the Mormon religion. She also "keeps comp'ny"—but that, too, pertains to the faith.

"There's another thing lacking," I observed, looking at the buxom young saints before me. "You don't appear to have any nerves. College girls otherwise are somewhat prone to nerves."

They laughed. Really it was much easier to picture them lightly swinging frothy pails or vigorously

pumping a churn than it was to call up a picture of the midnight candle shining upon their heads bent over a Latin grammar or the Comparative Study on Natural and Revealed Religion. They were delightfully, freshly out-doors-y—not with that suggestion of system and artificiality which a studied diet of golf, riding, and tennis gives—but simply and unconsciously out-doors-y, as if they milked cows and picked fruit.

"You won't find many nerves among B. Y. U. girls," said my guide. "They are not far removed from a pioneering generation, and the most of them were brought up on farms. But above all—we teach health as a part of our religion."

A breeze wafted the curtain of the Corner of Mys-

week," one of them said. "And we bring back provisions for our housekeeping."

"Tell her all about it," the professoress proposed, and then I heard a story which I afterward heard repeated in gist by dozens of these Mormon college girls.

"You see, it costs so much to board," the spokeswoman said; "so every fall father and our brother load all this furniture into the farm wagon and we drive in. My sister carries the mirror and I carry the clock, and we ride in on top of the bureau, and the stovepipe sticks up. Then we furnish a room and do our own cooking all the school year, and at commencement father and our brother bring in the wagon again and load it up and we drive back to the farm for the summer."

It seems that each September and each June the streets of Provo contain a procession of these farm wagons, piled high with stoves

and tables and chairs and dictionaries and daughters and sons, too, for that matter. Slowly they file in and out of the little college town, bent upon the enlightenment of the rising generation.

## A Present of Baked Beans

IT WAS my luck to be in Provo on a Saturday when to every hitching-post was attached a rickety vehicle which had brought the old folks into town. From nearby farms these old Mormon couples come to make purchases and to bring the young folks a load of squashes and apples and baked things. With one sheepskin spread over the buggy seat, another over their knees, I watched one such couple—his beard was long and gray, her hair was wound in one of the little knobs that bespeaks Mormonism as far as you can see it.

A plump, bright-eyed girl ran out hatless to meet them.

"They's a pan o' baked beans here!" the paternal Saint shouted. "What d'you think o' that?"

"We ben keepin' our hands warm on it," added the maternal Saint, and, hugging the giant pan of beans and each other, they entered the tiny cottage which was this college girl's home.

Once I visited a domestic science class in an Eastern college. The students were absorbed in a marvelously ornate nut salad.

"What are these girls going to do when they graduate?" I asked the instructor.



A group of Mormon college girls — daughters of the farm

tery. I saw a large stone jar and a pail of potatoes. "It's our storeroom," one of the hostesses explained, blushing and drawing the curtains together.

But I wanted to see more. And, laughing a great deal, they threw open the little store corner and revealed vegetables and home-made jams and pies and bread and butter and enough more good things to supply a whole family.

"You see, we go home—out to the farm—every

warm on it," added the maternal Saint, and, hugging the giant pan of beans and each other, they entered the tiny cottage which was this college girl's home.

Once I visited a domestic science class in an Eastern college. The students were absorbed in a marvelously ornate nut salad.

"What are these girls going to do when they graduate?" I asked the instructor.

"Oh, they all expect to teach domestic science," she replied.

Now if everybody learns to make nut salad in order to teach others how to make nut salad, and these in their turn learn in order to teach, it seems as if domestic science were a good deal like higher mathematics, and one must wonder just how the means justifies the end. All this recurred to my mind in contrast when I visited a similar class at the Brigham Young University.

It was macaroni day, and every girl was bagged to the neck in a checked apron while she watched her pot, peering in from time to time in breathless suspense. King Hoki Poki himself, watching his plump infant fricassee, could not have shown more palpitating anticipation.

"And what are these girls going to do when they graduate?" I asked a teacher.

"Why, get married, of course," she replied, surprised at my question. "Some of them before they graduate."

That's why they are taking domestic science." And that, as I learned gradually, is why the Mormon girl does everything that she does. She goes to college, often works her way through, chooses her studies, adjusts her life, all to the end of wifehood and motherhood. If she declines a noun she does so with the idea of being the better fitted to some day supervise the English of her progeny. If she listens to lectures on medicines and their administration, on contagion and disinfection, she sees a vision of tending her own Johnny, Tommy, Mamie, and Susie-to-be in days when hostile measles shall descend. If she copies from a domestic science blackboard rules for the gentle art of fudge-making, she intends to preserve her note-book against the time when she shall be filling Christmas stockings with candy bags. She is tremendously in earnest about it all; she is thoroughly convinced that the potential Johnny, Tommy, Mamie, and Susie are her whole reason for being.

#### College Yells

NEVER have I seen such grave earnestness in any college girls. The B. Y. U. coed can not so much as render a yell without making you feel her sense of responsibility. I was at Provo in basket-ball days—football being under the ban—and the songs and yells for the boys' match game were being practised by eds and coeds together in the great hall where Brigham Young and Karl Maeser and Smoots and Cannons, too, if I remember rightly, gaze down upon the sturdy heirs to their Latter-Day faith.

"Wah-hoo! Wah-hoo! Rip, zip, bazoo!  
I yell, I yell, for the B. Y. U.  
Wah-hoo! Wah-hoo! Wah-hoo!"

they all remarked forcibly.

Now the sound of the words was colloquial to say the least; but if these girls had been "bearing testimony" in testimony meeting, they could not have uttered them with more devout seriousness.

"We can't tell why we beat you,  
but we doo-oo-oo."

We don't mean any harm to  
you-oo-oo."

they added tunefully; and, looking at their faces, you might have imagined them to be singing: "Up, awake ye defenders of Zion!"

Many reasons for their earnestness might hold with any other girls similarly situated. But back of them is a reason distinctly Mormon, based upon a vital tenet of the faith. The Mormon girl looks upon her college life not as a period of four merry years, not as preparation for a keener enjoyment of the good things of this world, or for a life of bread-winning, but as a sort



The Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah

of religious duty, a preparation for the exaltation of motherhood. Her mind always focused upon a religious purpose, even pompadours and puffs can't hide the fact that her face beneath them is sober. No wonder she shouts: "Wah-hoo!" as if it were a part of her creed.

Suppose you, being a woman, believed that somewhere outside in the dark, in a vast, somber, unknown space, were a host of little crying spirits seeking to be admitted to this life. That this life

joined now for eternity."

So while Utah contains many apparent spinsters, we don't know how many of these are sealed by strange rites to husbands of whom we are unaware and who unfortunately are not in a position to prevent their wives from keeping boarders or taking in washing. As for the rising generation and polygamy, I heard three generations discuss the issue from three view-points.

"It's a shame," said the grandmother. "It's a sorry day polygamy was abolished. Look at the fine girls as ain't got any husbands. I tell you they'd be better off with a little home o' their own and a pig and a handful o' chickens and a good kind husband even if there was others sharin' his love."

#### The Question of Polygamy

"MA, LET'S not discuss it," her middle-aged daughter interrupted discreetly. "Whatever we think about the right or wrong of it, it's a dead issue." She is of the transition generation.

But the granddaughter was quite willing to discuss it. "No polygamy for me," she announced. "I've seen how it works. Why, if I was one of a lot of wives, there'd be pitched battle all the time. And talk about there being enough to go 'round among the children! Why, I've seen 'em pretty nearly starve, there was so many one man couldn't take care of 'em."

There are those among the young Mormon girls who accept the faith of their elders—that polygamy is right, although they may hold that the law should be complied with. But there are many as vigorous in their views as the one I have just quoted. "If I can't have all of a man, I don't want part of him," I heard one say.

But the belief in the-greater-the-family-the-greater-the-mother is deeply rooted in every generation. There is to be a glorious hereafter where the mother shall reign over all her descendants.

"You must have a large family," I said to my hostess on a southern Utah farm, my glance gathering up all the little boys and little girls and babies in crayon portraits on the walls. "You Mormon women never seem to feel overburdened with many children," I observed.

"We believe that's what we're here for."

There was something so weary about her whole personality that the words fell with the leadenness of a Schopenhauer utterance.

Beyond the window lay the brush-blotted sand, bared in a patch to permit the sparse, starved wheat to struggle for existence.

"And if dry-farming is slow—?" I asked.

"The Lord will provide," she answered.



The Human Y

The exalted letter of the Mormon alphabet—formed when ground was broken for the University

was a sort of path—a briery and a rocky path often—but for all that the only path to another life—one infinitely more beautiful, more joyful, more glorious. And that only as these little pleading spirits are admitted to this world, are helped to pass along the path, can they ever reach that splendid eternity. Then perhaps you can understand what motherhood means to the devout Mormon woman.

"Is it true," I asked one day of President Smith's



B. Y. U. girls riding out to serve a dinner to the college boys who were clearing sage-brush



# FOR THE READER OF BOOKS

## De Profundis

OF KARL MARX, that remarkable complex of mystic, rationalist, reformer, and revolutionary, a sympathetically critical brother-in-arms recently ventured to remark that "this great scientific spirit was, in the end, a slave to a doctrine."

Of Mr. Robert Herrick, without intention of branding him as a Great Spirit or casting other rhetorical aspersions on him, it may be said that in his latest novel, "A Life for a Life," he is the victim of a dominating idea.

In his own words, "What a theme! It began in the dim remote origins of things, when Property was the garment for man's spirit . . . the sign of his manhood. Then onward through ages of conflict and wild war, with emerging laws and bonds, Property held sway uncertainly, until at last in the clamorous present it had become the worshiped idol, the engine and the end of human life, before which the multitude bowed down in desire and fear. And the spirit of life lay strangled within the garment. The idol had become stronger than its maker. Manifold and cunning laws were devised to protect this idol. Life became cheap—so many dollars for an eye or limb or body—but Property became more precious, guarded by the sanctity of Law. Ten laws were enacted on behalf of Property for one of other laws. A trained body of the best minds was employed by the owners of property to defend their rights against all other rights. Justice, Mercy, Love became weak before the secret idol. The garment was all: the spirit had faded from within!"

One need not be a Socialist to recognize much truth under the perfervid words in which this protest against modern society is couched. A life for a life, that ancient biologic necessity which requires the emergence only of the fittest from the unsought battle for existence, is indeed often disguised to-day as an economic contest for social preeminence, wherein Success, or Fitness if you please, is measured in terms of Property, and the many privileges of one are paid for by the sacrificed privileges of many others.

It is not so much a latent falsity in Mr. Herrick's theme, then, as an inordinate emphasis upon it which proves his stumbling-block. His earnestness, distorting temporarily his sense of proportion, leaves him alone, so to speak, in a bad, bad world. It puts him under the strain of trying to keep excited all the time. Most important lapse of all from our point of view, it makes him often careless of a novelist's first duty to his readers, the production of "that willing suspension of disbelief" on which the seeming reality of fiction so much depends. For despite its vividness and dramatic power, despite the beauty and poignant feeling which make many scattered passages memorable, the book as a whole does not ring in accord with the life which presses close on all of us.

For after all no one with a seeing eye and a quiet heart need be left alone in a bad, bad world. Such a world is as unthinkable as the Kilkenny Cats. It must have been rent in sunder, eons ago, by its own internal disagreements. Attraction, constructive affinity, is as much a law of collective human life as of the chemical activity which mysteriously underlies it.

A bad, bad world! One must have little vision of the vastness of the drama and its stage, not to recognize the superlative inanity of such an attitude. The blazing sun marching across the sky, surf rippling white on shining beaches, men and women in uncounted millions going the simple rounds of daily experience with eagerness, and over it all the vision of the quiet stars—it is some sense of the eternally untroubled world around, of the open air, which gives to books which have it, even to books as cruel hard as Mr. Phillpotts's "Thief of Virtue," the touch of reality. For those things, after all, are the background of all life. May it not be the lack of some such background which makes "A Life for a Life" and its companions, such books as those of the hyper-emotional Russian novelists, seem in comparison feverish and artificial products of the imagination? For if an anthropomorphic religion, making of

## Conducted by Rowland Thomas

the almighty, everlasting gods mere magnified picture-shapes of men, crumbles before the least acid touch of thought, an anthropomorphic Art, being no less an interpretative vision of life, seems no less fundamentally untrue. It was their unerring sense of fitness which made the Greeks choose as the central figures of their mightiest tragedies, not ephemeral men, but demigods. As far as mere men go, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." ("A Life for a Life," by Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.)

### Strong Words

IF IN a work of fiction, such as Mr. Herrick's, the purpose of which is largely to hold the mirror up to Nature for an hour and let gazers therein indulge in such emotional reactions as they may, and can—if in such a book over-emphasis of one set of facts produces a rather subtle and not wholly



## Toast to Neptune

By OLIVER HERFORD

With a Drawing by John Cecil Clay

A HEALTH to King Neptune, the Boss of the Wave!  
Who sits on the Ocean and makes it behave.  
Come fill up your bumpers and take a long pull!  
When he's calm he's not dry—when he rolls, he's not full.

Whether sober or rough, he's always a sport,  
And we'll never stop toasting him till we're in port.  
A jolly old salt, though he smile or he frown,  
So here's to King Neptune! Fill up!—drink her down!

unpleasant discord, the effect in what we vaguely call a "serious" book—one which aims at touching not merely the emotions, but the very wills of its readers—is neither so subtle nor so pleasant. To carry the musical metaphor through, the result is not the dissonance Wagnerians love, but plain Noise.

Such a book is Mr. Charles Edward Russell's "Why I Am a Socialist." To take it up is like opening the old Socialist literature of fifty years ago, or that volume of Mr. Jack London's "The Iron Heel," which Mr. John Spargo calls a pathetic nightmare of melodrama and pessimism. It is, perhaps, a mistake for radicals to overstate, as their central philosophy itself is startling to the layman. To add overvivid colors and heightened tones is to burden the message. Mr. Russell, if not "led away by the use of strong words," at least yields very easily to the temptation to use sorrowful ones when cheerful or neutral ones would do as well. He paints, with striking vividness, a very black and dismal world, with only one ray of hope beaming down into its depths.

For he, too, finds it impossible to keep himself excited world without end, and finds relief in looking forward to the time when mankind, by a long, strong, but delicately regulated tug on its own boot-straps, shall have lifted itself to a plane of universal joy and light. ("Why I Am a Socialist," by Charles Edward Russell. The George H. Doran Company, New York.)

## Socialism

MR. RUSSELL'S is only one sort of Socialism. For Socialism, in ceasing to be a doctrine as it becomes a movement, shows a tendency to range its followers in many different groups, of widely divergent views. How many, and how divergent, is perhaps nowhere summed up more clearly and concisely than in Jane T. Stoddart's "The New Socialism." (The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.75 net.)

It would be easy to hail this growing tendency toward somewhat bitter sectarianism as heralding the downfall of the party of the proletariat. And that it marks the end of the crudely rationalistic Socialism seems quite probable. But to declare that Socialism itself—the movement toward an (economic) order of society based on the principle of association instead of competition—is to succeed wholly or wholly to fail, demands an audacity of mind quite on a par with that of those dogmatic souls who are ready to tell us to-day that there are, or are not, ghosts—or diverse chemical elements, if you prefer a less ethereal illustration.

And as far as the destructive tendencies of sectarianism are concerned, it must be remembered that in all great questions of political and social, as well as religious faith, the difficulties of mixing the intellectual and emotional ingredients in a proportion suited to all minds have always proved insuperable. As well try to compound a universal salad-dressing. Sectarianism may just as logically be a sign of abundant life as of decay and death.

Be that as it may, Socialism is to-day a world-wide movement which, while it touches the hearts of millions, is to many millions more merely a name, too often a name of bad import. Men have made a label, a mental brickbat, of it. It deserves a better understanding; before many years are passed, most probably, it will demand a better understanding both from its adherents and from its opponents. And as we said before, rarely have we seen the material for a beginning of that understanding laid out more clearly, and in briefer space, than in Mrs. Stoddart's uncontroverted and interesting book.

### The Kernel of Socialism

THE fact is that Socialism's bark sounds much more menacing than its bite has ever proved to be. There was a time, not so many years ago, when Socialistic thinkers tended to treat human life in the aggregate as if it were a series of scientific formulæ, instead of that jumble of countless uniquely personal and exciting experiences which, in the living, we find it.

But of late theory has claimed less and less attention. Incendiary rhetoric and Utopian dreaming alike have ceased to attract, and the crude anti-civic jargon is falling into disuse. Increasingly the more thoughtful among them are recognizing the senselessness of being drawn into a battle over mere theory, the danger of confusing mere program values with lasting ones. And this without any loss of earnestness. Partizan desire for the triumph of Socialism is simply giving way with many to a faith, almost religious in its intensity, in the ultimate triumph of the Socialistic movement.

It is merely a new shoot of a very old faith indeed, the ideal of the altruistic dreamers of all ages, an awakened sense of brotherhood in men.

Stripped of all its husks, Socialism stands for no other aim than that. All its other teachings, the public ownership of the land, for example, the nationalization of the means of production and distribution, the economic emancipation of women, have only program values as they lead to that one end.

Whether, so stripped, it ceases to be Socialism and becomes merely the advance-guard of the world-wide liberal movement, is not, of course, a question of more than academic interest. But two books which touch upon it will, we believe, be found of extreme interest even by those who care little for Socialistic theory. They are "The Substance of Socialism," by John Spargo (B. W. Huebsch, New York. \$1 net), and "Evolutionary Socialism," by Edward Bernstein, the leader of the German "Revisionists" (B. W. Huebsch. \$1 net).

# WOMAN TO-DAY

**T**HE adaptability of the American woman begins in her cradle days, as witnessed by the accompanying photograph of a young lady of our nation riding "nurse-back." Many American babies, traveling or living in Japan, take to the infant customs of the Orient like ducks to water, and this picture is typical.



**Riding Nurse-back in Japan**  
An American baby taking the air after the fashion of the islands and the actual results ranged from that sum down to seventy-two cents. White cotton fabrics were purchased for eight cents a yard and the costumes made by the girls themselves.

**T**HAT the Sweet Girl Graduate can wear a seventy-two-cent dress and still bewitch was proved at the commencement exercises of the Washington Irving High School in New York. Miss Muriel Willard of the dressmaking department of the school conceived the idea of making the commencement an object lesson in inexpensive dressing. Twenty-seven girls were chosen to demonstrate the theory that a pretty gown can be made for a dollar, and

**T**HE hand-loom is being roused from its slumbers and set to throbbing once more as it throbbed at the touch of our grandmothers. Every hand-woven article, from a dainty cloth-of-gold opera bag to a carpet, is as fashionable as it was old-fashioned a brief while ago. The women of Arcadia, Missouri, forming a branch of the Missouri Home Development Association, have organized to revive the art of hand weaving in their part of the State, encouraging the home manufacture of rugs, carpets, and curtains. One of the most important features of the general loom revival is the discovery that the blind can be taught to become marvelously skilful at weaving, and "The Lighthouse," New York's headquarters for assisting the blind to self-support, maintains a class of women who, with fingers that see, are learning to weave the choicest draperies, rugs, and cushion covers.

**M**ISS JANE ADDAMS is the first woman upon whom Yale University has conferred an honorary degree. Professor Perin, in presenting Miss Addams, said: "She has had a prophetic vision of what might be done, and militant courage united with capacity in doing and getting it done."

**K**ANSAS reports that there are 550 women holding positions in the banks of that State. Four of these are presidents, fifteen vice-presidents, fifty cashiers, two hundred and fifty directors. Miss Anna Speck of the Bank Commissioner's office, whose work is to go through the reports of the bank examiners, says that no woman banker in the State's history has betrayed her trust. More women in such positions would reduce the "bankers' colony" in our penitentiaries, is her opinion.

**T**HE colleges of pharmacy are turning out an increasing number of women graduates. In the small drug store, where the "clerk" is expected to be man-of-all-work, from selling French perfumes and compounding prescriptions to unloading wholesale boxes, a woman is at a disadvantage through lack of physical strength; but as prescription clerk she has proved her value. Madame Iver of Paris says that the profession calls for a delicacy, a fastidiousness, a precision, and a lightness that are nothing short of feminine. One of the most successful women pharmacists in America holds a position in a large hospital.

**M**RS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, at the annual luncheon of the Society of American Women in London, said recently that the attitude of the Londoner toward the Daisy Miller within his

gates has undergone a radical change. He no longer looks askance; she no longer suffers from consciousness of self and of criticism. "Our rustling, silk-lined skirts were among our most obnoxious offenses to ancient Londoners. 'It is impossible that all Americans can afford silk linings,' they used to murmur. 'They must pawn their deceased mother's jewels to buy them.' Nowdays they accept us and our rustling taffetas as a matter of course."

**V**EILED voters cast their ballot in Bosnia for the first time on May 28, voting for members of Parliament. Nine-tenths of the women on whom the new law has conferred Parliamentary suffrage are Mohammedans, the qualification being the possession of a landed estate of a certain size. The picture of a veiled Mohammedan lady at the polls is more picturesque than anything which suffrage can ever produce in America.

**C**OMMENTING upon the reelection of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young to the superintendency of Chicago schools, a newspaper of that city says that the year under her sway has been one of marked progress. Part-time teaching has been lessened, the curriculum has been simplified, the open-air study room has been established, a desirable Chicago course has been introduced, industrial education is planned, the needs of weak and anemic pupils have been supplied without great expenditure.

**O**NE million and more sick babies and their mothers have traveled on the *Helen C. Juillard* Floating Hospital since its first sail from New York City's hot water-front down into the fresh air of the bay. On July 5 it made its first trip for this season. 1909 witnessed the reviving of 27,000 babies on the Floating Hospital's trips—babies who passed from inertia into the wholesomely human and infantile joys of kicking and fisticuffing.



**The Revival of the Hand-Loom**  
Teaching the blind to weave—at which they are extremely apt

caldron. Modern science has done much to reduce the hot labor of this period. One cleverly devised instrument "eyes" your pineapples; another stones your cherries; still another pares your apples. Next comes the steam canner, which puts your fruit through a process similar to that of the factories. Two hundred and twenty-five degrees of heat can be obtained, making it possible to can even corn. Steam-gage, safety-valve, and thermometer regulate your operations.

**T**HE Women's Athletic Club of Kansas City, Missouri, provides for the comfort of its members very much as a man's club does. Two floors in a large building are occupied by the club; here, besides full gymnasium equipment, are to be found rest rooms, tea room, Turkish bath apartments, beauty parlor, library, reading and study club rooms. This is but one example of the club life which is opening to woman to-day. It satisfies the same craving which in former years had to be satisfied with the meeting of two sunbonnets over the garden fence in a back-yard gossip. It seems to threaten domestic devotion no more than did the sunbonnet meeting, and the broadening effects are more noticeable.

**M**RS. PERRY STARKWEATHER occupies a position unique in the United States. Minnesota alone has established a Department for Women and Children in its Bureau of Labor; Mrs. Starkweather, with four women to aid her, is in charge of this department, bearing the title of Assistant Labor Commissioner. The aim is to make it a sort of clearing house for all matters pertaining to the general welfare of women and children in industry and



**Miss Marjorie Lambert**  
Who maintains a farm with 500 chickens in New York City

ries measles. Dr. A. F. A. King of Washington, one of the earliest exponents of the mosquito-malaria theory, has published his opinion that the mouse is an important means of transferring this disease. Whether this prove true or not, the trap and the cat are on the safe side of the argument.

**T**HE "home-finding" fever is raging from coast to coast of our country and threatens to depopulate the orphan asylums. A Colorado woman who makes a living by running a restaurant is reported as having adopted seventeen children from public homes. A North Dakota woman has welcomed seven to her four-thousand-acre ranch and feels that she has space for still more to range, as soon as she builds an addition to the ranch house.

**"THE Legal and Economic Position of Women"** is the title of a summer course of lectures being given at the University of California. Sophonisba D. Breckenridge, a member of Kentucky's bar, and dean of the department of social investigation of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, is conducting the course, dealing with such subjects as the status of a married woman with respect to her property rights, the effect of marriage with respect to the law, and the control of children.

**N**OW that the shirt-waist stock droops and wilts within office fastnesses and the shop's electric fan flings impure and overheated air slap in the face, there is an especially keen appeal in a letter written to this department by the Bachelor Girls' Club of Seattle, asking for suggestions of out-of-doors work for those who were worn out with sedentary occupation.

Photography may be made to pay. With the growing demand for post-cards, illustrations, and souvenir views, a camera in the hands of an enterprising woman is a paying investment. A San Franciscan supported herself by taking pictures in Chinatown, coloring them, and selling them to tourists. Many summer and winter resorts offer similar opportunities. A graduate of a domestic science college drove through New England, giving lessons in cooking from town to town. She carried a complete outfit in her buggy, using an alcohol stove for demonstration. Music teachers travel in the same way in rural communities, giving lessons on the farms. Flower raising, landscape gardening, the filling and care of window-boxes and small flower-beds of city dwellers are three kinds of work in which women are making a living. The need for playground workers is large. Above all, what the farm may mean to the Woman who Will is too big a topic to be treated here.



**Mrs. Perry Starkweather**  
Assistant Labor Commissioner of the State of Minnesota

in school. The special investigation on which she is engaged just now is the reason for the "home conditions" that officers say are the cause for children being brought in such numbers to the Juvenile Court. In this connection she says: "A good cook is a great reformer."

**T**HE mouse is before the bar again. Charged with many an offense heretofore, the latest accusation is that he carries measles. Dr. A. F. A. King of Washington, one of the earliest exponents of the mosquito-malaria theory, has published his opinion that the mouse is an important means of transferring this disease. Whether this prove true or not, the trap and the cat are on the safe side of the argument.

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Miss Marjorie Lambert, who has taken an abandoned farm on Staten Island, four acres in New York City, and has five hundred chickens thereon, is a noteworthy example of enterprise in this line.



# Mr. Aldrich and His Senators

By MARK SULLIVAN

LOOK once more at the cartoon on this page. (This is the fourth time it has been reprinted in *COLLIER'S*—the first time was when the tariff bill was being debated in the Senate; every once in a while something turns up in the news of the day which makes the cartoon indispensable as a correct contemporaneous picture of just how the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was made.) Observe Mr. Aldrich's map of the United States, with Rhode Island as big as half a dozen Western States, and New England and New York as big as the rest of the country combined; observe the alert little manikins who hop about as Mr. Aldrich complacently jerks a string.

If you want to identify the figures in the picture you can do so by a slight study of the table printed on this page. These figures show exactly how often each Republican Senator voted with Mr. Aldrich, how often he voted against Mr. Aldrich, and how often he was recorded as not voting. Notice, for example, the perfect score of the Senators from Utah, Sutherland and Smoot: there were 129 roll-calls in the Senate on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, and these two Utah Senators did not vote against Aldrich once; Smoot voted with Aldrich on every one of the 129 roll-calls, nor was he ever recorded as not voting—he was always faithfully on the job. This would seem to identify these two as the manikins who say: "I agree with everything Senator Aldrich will say." They had no ideas on the tariff that Mr. Aldrich did not have first. And a glance at the table will show many others whose subservience to the Rhode Island Senator differs from these two only by a negligible fraction.

## Testimony from His Friends

IF YOU have any doubt about the literal correctness of this picture, if you think it is merely the license of a humorous cartoonist, read a little testimony from Mr. Aldrich's most faithful friends:

From Senator Stephen B. Elkins of West Virginia (in the course of a speech delivered in the Senate February 3, 1910, Cong. Rec., p. 1456):

"... It does not take long, when the senior Senator from Rhode Island [Mr. Aldrich] arrives at the scene of action, to look after certain things affected by the recent tariff, the passage of which, through the Senate, he secured as he wished, and almost alone. . . his [Senator Aldrich's] own child—the tariff bill. It was nearly his production in the Senate, for whatever he said, I think, controlled what went into the bill and what was left out. Nobody rivals me in admiration of him [Senator Aldrich], his good qualities, his ability, and his intelligence. His leadership is able, though terrific and terrible at times, but I generally submit to it gracefully, as I have done on many occasions."

From Senator Julius C. Burrows of Michigan (in the course of a speech introducing Mr. Aldrich to a meeting of business men in Detroit November 16 last):

"And I want to say to you that the good people of Detroit and Michigan have Senator Aldrich to thank for his fidelity to the interests of this State. Whenever I have wanted anything for Michigan I always knew where to go to get it, and he never failed me. I say this because some of you might have given me credit for protecting the industries of Michigan, but I wanted you to know that it was the distinguished Senator from Rhode Island."

From an acrimonious letter sent by Mr. Barber, the head of the Match Trust, to Senator Dick of Ohio, after Senator Dick had complained that when Barber "wanted something" in the tariff, he went to Senator Aldrich direct instead of to Senator Dick: "I deal with principals, not clerks."

## The Case in Point

THINK of the power of personal enrichment involved in Senator Aldrich's position when a new tariff bill is being made. And now for the case which makes the revival of this cartoon and these figures timely. In the course of a speech at Winfield, Kansas, on July 9, Senator Bristow made these



The Aldrich Map  
McCutcheon, in the Chicago "Tribune"

## The Votes of Republican Senators on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill

	Voted AGAINST Aldrich	Voted WITH Aldrich	Not Voting
ALDRICH, Rhode Island.....	0	129	0
FLINT, California.....	0	111	18
KEAN, New Jersey.....	0	125	4
SMOOT, Utah.....	0	129	0
SUTHERLAND, Utah.....	0	117	12
LORIMER, Illinois.....	1	35	24
WARREN, Wyoming.....	1	97	31
WARNER, Missouri.....	1	117	11
STEPHENSON, Wisconsin.....	1	81	47
RICHARDSON, Delaware.....	1	5	123
NIXON, Nevada.....	1	87	41
PENROSE, Pennsylvania.....	1	121	7
OLIVER, Pennsylvania.....	1	102	26
LODGE, Massachusetts.....	1	102	26
HALE, Maine.....	1	82	46
GUGGENHEIM, Colorado.....	1	96	32
ELKINS, West Virginia.....	1	83	45
DILLINGHAM, Vermont.....	1	94	34
DEFEW, New York.....	1	97	31
BURROWS, Michigan.....	1	126	2
BRIGGS, New Jersey.....	1	107	21
WETMORE, Rhode Island.....	2	117	10
SCOTT, West Virginia.....	2	110	17
PERKINS, California.....	2	112	15
CULLOM, Illinois.....	2	97	30
CLARK, Wyoming.....	2	108	19
BRADLEY, Kentucky.....	2	82	45
BOURNE, Oregon.....	2	52	75
BRANDEGEE, Connecticut.....	3	121	5
BURNHAM, New Hampshire.....	3	123	3
CRANE, Massachusetts.....	3	113	13
DIXON, Montana.....	3	105	21
GALLINGER, New Hampshire.....	3	121	5
FRYE, Maine.....	3	88	38
PAGE, Vermont.....	4	125	0
HEYBURN, Idaho.....	4	124	1
DICK, Ohio.....	4	123	2
CARTER, Montana.....	5	121	3
ROOT, New York.....	7	104	18
PILES, Washington.....	7	103	19
BULKELEY, Connecticut.....	7	102	20
DU PONT, Delaware.....	8	106	15
SMITH, Michigan.....	10	58	61
JONES, Washington.....	10	89	30
MCCUMBER, North Dakota.....	11	78	40
JOHNSON, North Dakota.....	13	110	6
BURTON, Ohio.....	14	114	1
CURTIS, Kansas.....	24	82	23
BORAH, Idaho.....	25	84	20
GAMBLE, South Dakota.....	32	82	15
CRAWFORD, South Dakota.....	52	70	7
BEVERIDGE, Indiana.....	55	34	40
BURKETT, Nebraska.....	58	70	1
BROWN, Nebraska.....	65	56	8
NELSON, Minnesota.....	69	53	7
DOLLIVER, Iowa.....	73	45	11
CUMMINS, Iowa.....	89	31	9
CLAPP, Minnesota.....	91	20	18
BRISTOW, Kansas.....	101	27	1
LA FOLLETTE, Wisconsin.....	106	18	5

charges, every one of which is a matter of record and easily verifiable:

When the new tariff bill passed the lower House of Congress, the duty on manufactured rubber was left the same as it had been in the Dingley bill, 30 per cent; in the Senate, the rate was raised to 35 per cent; the change was made by Senator Aldrich in the room of the Finance Committee. This tariff became a law on August 5. Within a month, in September of last year, the news came out that a rubber company was being organized. Within three months the organization was complete; its capital is \$40,000,000, its managing head is the son of Senator Aldrich, Senator Aldrich himself is a director and holds 25,000 shares; among the other large stockholders are Simon Guggenheim, Senator from Colorado, with 10,000 shares, and four of Senator Guggenheim's brothers, with an aggregate of 38,900 shares. Within three months after its organization, the new rubber company had paid dividends aggregating 18.2 per cent.

The New York "World" sent a correspondent to ask Senator Aldrich whether he had any answer to make to Senator Bristow's charges; he had none. Speaker Cannon's comment when he spoke in Kansas was this:

"If Senator Aldrich and others are guilty of forming a rubber trust, Senator Bristow fell far short of his duty in not presenting the facts and his proofs to the Attorney-General rather than to make a political speech on the subject. If there is such a trust, it is in violation of the Anti-Trust law, and all offenders violating it should be prosecuted."

Poor old Uncle Joe entirely misses the point. His naïveté is not assumed. To him there is no impropriety in what Senator Aldrich did—the only issue involved is the Anti-Trust law. Uncle Joe's idea of the proprieties of a man in Aldrich's strategic position is expressed in the reasons why the blacksmith's dog licked the preacher's dog—he was able to and he wanted to.

Mr. Aldrich is a thoroughly sinister figure in American politics. The story of another tariff trick, his addition of a tenth of a cent a pound to the duty on sugar, against the earnest opposition of William McKinley, who was later President, and the connection of that added duty with Mr. Aldrich's personal fortunes, is too long a tale to tell here. Compared to Mr. Aldrich, mere bribers of Legislatures, like Lorimer and ex-Senator Clark, are not very harmful. But Senator Aldrich's capacity and effectiveness for evil depend not on any power within himself, but upon his position, upon the fact that a majority of all the Republican Senators, for one motive or another, can be depended on to vote with him.

## Moral

Aldrich has effaced himself, but a good many of his Senators are candidates for reelection.

## One Kind of Argument

THE Wathena, Kansas, "Republican" presents this reason for the return of a Congressman:

"Congressman Anthony did this vicinity too great a service in helping to get the appropriation for the recent river improvements, after it had been turned down twice, to be forgotten. . . . There will be more of the same kind of Government work needed in the future, and the only way to get it is to keep a man in Congress who . . . has discretion enough not to fight the majority to such an extent as to destroy his influence with the 'powers that be' to get any favors from them. . . . We want a Congressman not just to fight Cannon, but to get things for us."

Does this represent the Kansas point of view?

So—

whether you buy  
Uneeda Biscuit at  
your own grocer's or  
at an unknown shop a  
thousand miles away  
—you *know* the con-  
tents of the package  
are just as they left  
the oven—fresh, crisp,  
untainted, unsullied.

You *always* know

**Uneeda  
Biscuit**

**5¢** (Never Sold in Bulk)

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## What Is Your Child's Comfort Worth?

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## An Hour and a Half

(Concluded from page 17)

"W-well, of course, I always make a mess of s-saying things."

"I mean through pirates and police and all. You kept on meditating, did you?"

"No. I don't know. Well, m-more or less. Why?"

"Because you thought down into it more than I did. I never got so far in as that—as to see that they're the same thing, if they are. I wonder! To hope and to hunger! But how are they the same?"

"Do—don't know. I'd only meditated that far. Wh-why, see here! If you want a thing, that's your end of the chance to get it. Of course you may not get it."

"I don't seem to."

A low silence followed, measured by the rhythmic dip of the oars. He stopped rowing suddenly.

"How did you know I'd b-been to Africa and Alaska and Si-Siberia? I only got back the other day."

"I know who you are. I knew Minerva at college. You're T. T. She talked about you. We made it 'Tommy the Terrible,' and she didn't like that. I heard she had married a Professor Holst. I'm Ann Rivington."

"I never heard of— Well, but—but then. I wish I had."

She leaned forward with another little throaty laugh.

"That sounds so queer and honest. But I can't see."

"W-want to inspect?"

HE FELT in his pocket for a match, lit and waved it slowly around his face, till it burned to his fingers, and was dropped.

After a moment's thought she said: "It isn't fair. Let me have one."

Another match was lit and handed her. Its tiny torchlight gleamed against her face a few moments in the interests of justice; then went out. He rowed on in silence. They came by the long, high, lit viaduct over Manhattan Avenue.

"How did it look?" she asked. Her voice sounded strained, as if the question were forced out under burden and stress.

"Like t-trouble."

"Do I show it as plain as that? It's true. Or did it look like more trouble to come?"

"Maybe so. It l-looked like trouble for me."

He stopped rowing, and waited. They

were above the boathouse, though some distance out. Presently they were drifting past it. The restless, flickering river, indifferent, cold, somber, and magnificent, seemed to have put aside its indifference, dimmed its lights, hushed its congregation of varied noises, to have quieted its flow and heaving, to be listening.

"Do you think you ought to have said that?"

"Yes. Do you?"

"I think we'd better go ashore."

So they came to the boathouse.

"What you got on this 'ere oar?" asked the boat-keeper, holding up a wet, weedy, grayish object. Its hairs or meshes were caught and tangled in the rivets of the broken and mended oar-blade.

"I'll take it," said T. T. "It's a pirate's beard."

"A which? By gum, it is a beard!"

"It must have co-come off on the oar. It wasn't real. It was glued."

They climbed the hill to the Claremont. She stopped him below the steps, and looked away.

"If you think it was right," she said, "perhaps it was. I wish you'd leave it there now."

"All right."

Minerva sprang up. "Why, Ann Rivington!" she cried.

Holst remonstrated.

"Angel in a hurry, you have bespilled your cards! The incorrigible has had more adventures and his soul is unstirred."

"She wants to make visits," said T. T. "I w-wish she'd make 'em with you."

"Hurrah!" cried Minerva. "Tommy, what's that dripping thing?"

"P-p-irate's beard. Ca-came off. It was glued."

"You have been gone one hour and more!" cried Holst. "One hour and twenty minutes—"

"M-missed my coffee. Waiter!"

"You have been up to devils, I think, and you have fished up a Rhine maiden—du inadequate Siegfried!—who is all but not quite so good to look at as Minerva, and you are as dry as dead codfish in salt, and you have bespilled my cribbage! I am disgusted with your calmness."

T. T. took his coffee and sighed: "You're d-dead wrong."

## Heroes

(Continued from page 14)

passageway himself, and no sooner there than a man bowed him over. And another, and another; and two or three more, every one running swiftly; and only the last of all stopping to put him on his feet, and even that one hollered at him: "You bloody little bloater, what you doin' here? Get up on deck!"—roughly like that, and yet not unkindly.

The stowaway, finding his feet, started running himself. All the lights were out—dark everywhere; so that he bumped in and out of passageways, and by and by, upstairs, slipping by passengers, and more passengers, like shadows in the dark, in gangways and on stairways, most of them excited and asking all sorts of questions, but mostly, "What's happened?"

And then he reached the top deck, where were a lot of ship's people hurrying by, but they not saying much. And he heard the sound of blows and went over to see what it was, and found a lot of men, one of them with an ax trying to knock away a big block of wood from under a lifeboat, but not doing it very well. There were plenty of orders, but nobody seemed to know just what to do. Some said this was the way to do it and some said no, the other way. And somebody lit a match, and when it blazed up the stowaway saw the buttons shining on the short jackets; and by that he knew them for stewards, and the stewards being the enemies of Dinnie and Geordie, he slipped in behind the boat.

There he couldn't help hearing the talk. A lot of talk, most of it like of men afraid of something. "Wot do hi know of 'andlin' boats?" one was complaining. "Hi shipped for a steward, hi did. Where's their bloody s'ilors?"

"Sailors?"—this voice not so frightened. "Sailors on an ocean liner? Sailors? My word, that's a rare one!"

Then a new voice among them. "Over-aul that gear!"

"But 'ow do I hover-aul it?" from the man who said he shipped for a steward, and so close that the stowaway could have reached around the end of the boat and touched his trouser-leg.

"How? Over-aul it, I say!"

"But wot do I do? Hi shipped for a steward an' not for—"

"Clear 'awye and no more o' your bloody lip!"

He felt the steward press close to the boat, and then saw his feet leave the deck, as if he was springing up to get hold of something. And then: "Ah-h, hi 'ave it!"

"'Ave you? Then suppose you do something with it!"

The stowaway could almost feel the legs of the steward stiffen as he braced himself to tug on the rope, and then: "Oh-h!"—he heard, and suddenly, almost down on top of him, came the body of the steward. A big block with rope running from it rattled down beside him.

"Gawd!" he heard another voice, and he reached out a hand himself to touch the head of the steward, and it came away wet. The fog and the dew of night lay all about, but it wasn't that. He shivered.

"Gawd's sake!" said the same rough voice, "to think of 'im knowin' no better than that!"

"'Ow was 'e to know?" came from another. "Fred, 'e didn't ship for no s'ilor."

Then came one with a lantern and looked. The stowaway could see it, side-wise—the mashed head and the awful bloody face. He didn't want to look any more. And then another man spotted him and grabbed him. "You bloody little rat, wot you doin' 'ere?" and picked him up and threw him yards across the deck. And he ran off, and the last thing he heard was: "E's got 'is larst tip, has Fred."

The stowaway had no idea where he was going, but he ran downstairs and into a passageway, and then down another flight of stairs and into another passageway, and kept on going—away from the terrible dead man.

BY AND BY he found his way among a lot of boxes and barrels. And there hid. And here came some men with a lantern soon and began to haul the boxes and barrels about; and by and by again more men joined them, and then he heard a ripping, like they were breaking some wooden box open, and then he heard: "We might's well have it, same as our betters."

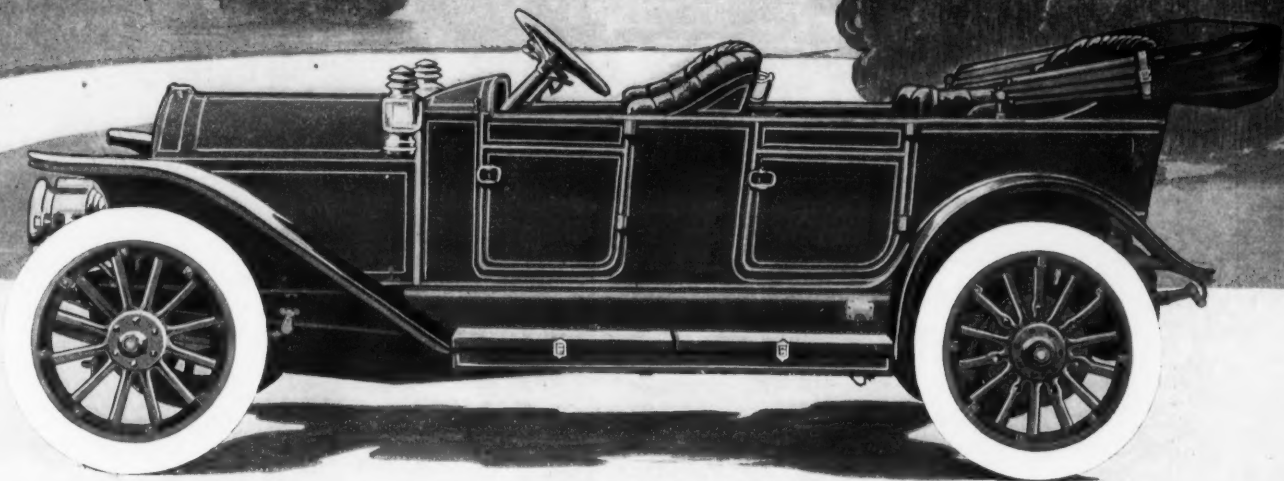
"And was he drinking—on the level, was he?"

"Aye, swillin' it in. I saw 'im myself—in 'is cabin."

"Aye, and so did I," affirmed another. "Before ever we left the dock he was drinkin'. Never misses a chance, he don't. And that tall officer, wot's 'is name—but



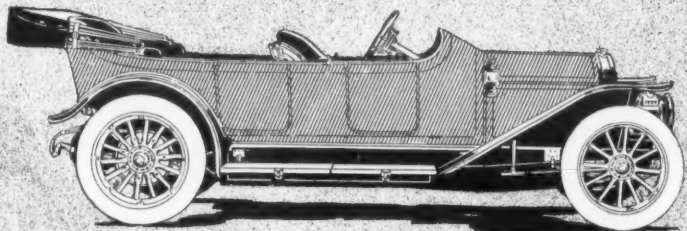
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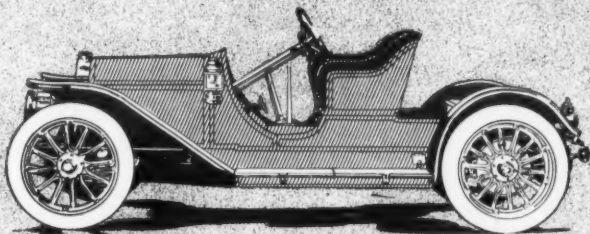
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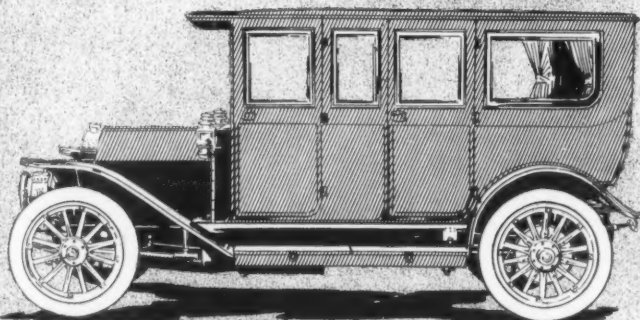
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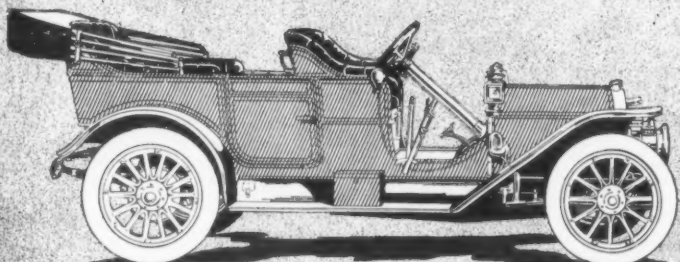
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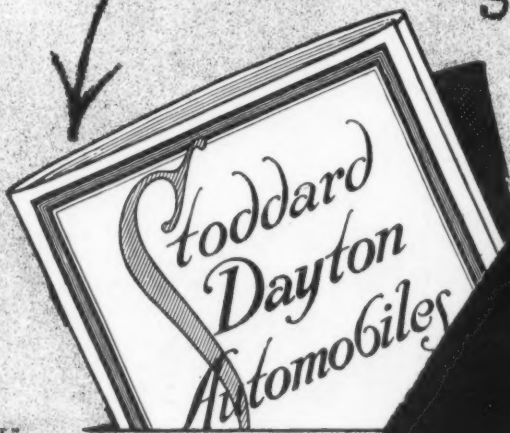
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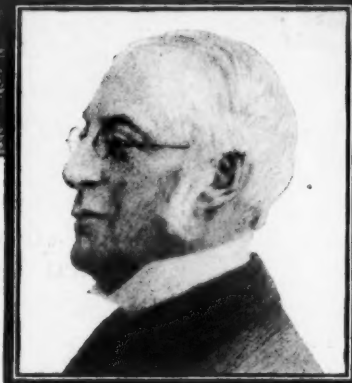
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hi say, don't stop to draw no cork," and followed then the crack of a breaking bottle and a deep gurgling.

"Farley, you mean. I 'eard a par-senger myself arsk Farley if 'e 'ad the right time—at the 'ead of the gangplank, mind you, people comin' and goin' all the time— afore we left the dock at all. And Farley, bli'me, 'e couldn't tell 'im, 'is bloom-in' heyes a-rollin' in 'is 'ead. Only looks at 'is watch and says 'arf-parst seven. 'E carries Lonnun and New York time on 'is watch, you know, Farley does. 'Ere, let me 'ave a taste now."

More gurgling, and then: "And the par-senger 'e looks at Farley and says Wot! And Farley looks again and says yes, 'arf-parst seven, 'e says again. And the par-senger says: 'D'y'mind if I look myself?' and 'e looks at the watch and 'e looks at Farley, and 'e says: 'Alf-past two—thank you,' and goes over to a lady near the rail and says: 'Well, what d'y' know about that?—so drunk he don't know one 'and from the other. A ship's officer and drunk—and it only 'alf an hour to sailin'! Fine, isn't it?' Aye, so 'elp me, 'e did. But blarst Farley and the 'ole bloom-in' cabin gang! Knock the neck hoff another one and 'urry, for the other ship's standin' by and we'll be 'avin' to go over the side soon."

"Soon? What do you call soon? They won't get the first boat over the side for two hours, by the way they're goin' at it. Know as much about boats, those chaps, as— Well, here's happy days!"

AND they drank and went away. And more came, and more, and by and by they began to quarrel; so that the stow-away, terribly frightened, crawled further in. No light in there. And by and by nobody came any more, and it grew awfully quiet above and outside—no hurrying feet any more. And then he felt around to get out, but found the boxes and barrels were wedged in around him. He tried and tried, but couldn't move them.

So he gave it up at last and lay back, waiting and waiting, until he must have fallen asleep; for the next thing he knew it was darker than ever. And again he tried to get out. But no use. And then he began to feel hungry. But nothing to eat. And then he didn't care if the stew-ards did come and get him. But they didn't come—nobody came. And then he felt the ship moving under him. And he must have fallen asleep again, for all at once the voices broke in on him and the noise of people throwing the boxes and barrels about. He could not make out just what they were saying, but he felt frightened again and kept quiet till the ship took to rolling, but not rolling like before—a new way now. "She's sinking!" he whimpered, "and I'm locked in here and nobody knows it. And I'll sink with the ship. And be drowned in here!" And "O my father!" he called out then, and "O Dinnie, Dinnie!—O father!"

"God in Heaven! him in here and not so much as a needle of light to guide us! Where are ye, lad?—let another whoop out of ye!" And then—was it—could it be? O, the blessed voice—Dinnie's voice.

THE passengers had been taken off, the ship's company had been taken off, everybody taken off but the two officers on the bridge and themselves—the little fellow hidden—below. It was a night of vaporous fog and sea like oil. From ahead Cummings could hear the chug-chug of the towing tugs.

A blue flame suddenly spurted from beside the ship's rail. "What in h—?" Cummings could not see what they were doing on the bridge, but presently he saw that the towing steamer had cut or slipped her hawser and was headed about. "Jee-zooks! what's that for?" he muttered, and then he heard a revolver shot from the bridge and another blue signal flamed near the rail of the ship. Then he felt the deck under him heave logily and, looking back, saw that her stern was settling. "Jee-zooks! Dinnie guessed it right—they're going to let her go."

Two more shots rang out, and a moment later the third automatic blue light spurted from the water. One of the towing steamers was now alongside and the two officers were staggering down from the bridge. Cummings ran aft and below, but before he made the next deck he met the two stokers, Dinnie holding the boy in his arms. The water was coming up the iron ladder after them.

"A close call I guess you people had. And a close call yet—hurry!"

"Hurry? What the devil do you think we're doin'—takin' a nap, is it? But is there a boat handy, b'y?"

"There's two of our ship's life-boats alongside. One they'll take, of course. We can take the other. Y' ought to see them! Talk about a pair of shines! But come on—right after me."

When they reached the open deck her taffrail was all but flush with the water.

"Goin' she landy."

"Handy and as the two stokers as comfort man could smooth so are ye, lad. They he then."

"What's Geordie—he says."

"But e's Dinnie pawpuss."

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"Goin' she is, but time enough if the boat's landy."

"Handy enough," assured Cummings, and as they all made their way forward the two stokers looked about. "I call this as comfortable a sinkin' as a man could ask for. Inshore wather, a smooth sea—on'y for the little b'y. How are ye, lad?"

They heard Cummings's startled voice then.

"What's it? No? Heaven save us, Geordie—the other boat afloat!" he says. "And, oh, the little lad!"

"But 'e's over arter her! Look at 'im, Dinnie! Gawd, 'e can swim like a bloody puppus."

They could hear, rather than see, him then kicking through the water. Then he passed out of sight and hearing. A silence, a terribly long silence, during which they saw dimly a ship's life-boat with the two officers shove off from the further side of the ship. Then they could make out the sound of oars—from their own side of the ship. A minute, two minutes more, perhaps. But now the ship's stern had gone under and her bow was mounting.

They began to fear that the New Yorker would never get back in time. "If it was but a loose spar or summat to 'ang on to like, arter she goes under, Dinnie."

"Loose spar? You might lay hold of one of them iron derriek booms, an' you know they'd stay afloat. But, thanks to God, Geordie, she'll go down aisylike."

AND it was so. Their ship was six hundred feet long, and she could not have been in more than two hundred feet of water, with the result that her stern rested on bottom, while her bow was yet high in the air.

As her waist went under, they climbed up into the forward stays and waited for Cummings.

"A 'eavy boat—'e'll never mike it."

"The tide's agin him—wait a while."

Gently up and down the ship's bow went. Up and down, up and down, lower and lower. Her forward rail was all but under, and as yet hardly a ripple on the water.

"Like a bloody submarine," said Geordie, and with a loose line in his hand swarmed up the stays after Dinnie. By now they could see Cummings—faintly. "E'll never mike it, Dinnie—'ere goes for 'im."

Geordie hove his coiled line—far out. Her forward rail was flush by then. "Hi do believe 'e's got it! 'Ere, tike this end, Dinnie. I've the bight of it. 'Ere goes!"

"God speed ye, Geordie! And I'll soon be after ye wi' the lad." Already the sea was beginning to walk up the stays. Soon she would go with a rush. Dinnie lifted the boy to his hip and climbed higher.

The line had struck across the gunnel of the lifeboat, whereat Cummings dropped the oars, took hold and hauled, and in came Geordie—floundering. They heard Dinnie's voice. "To her masht-head 'twill be soon. I'm coming now—wi' the lad—haul hard!" and the splash. The two men hauled. A heavy load it was, and they saw him go under trying to hold the boy clear—once, twice, three times he went, but always kicking vigorously. But they got the pair at last, taking first the little stowaway whom Dinnie handed up.

"'Tis full of wather I am," he said, and fell weakly into the bottom of the boat, where he lay for perhaps a minute before he spoke again. "Mortal feared I was—where is he, the little lad? All right, avick? Sure ye are."

CUMMINGS stood up to look about. Not a sign of their ship; hardly a ripple to mark her going. "Now for that other towing steamer," he said. "I wonder do they see us. Don't bail." And they paddled their life-boat close to the second towing steamer's lights. "The further side," whispered Cummings, "and easy." And on the further side, with nobody to see, they climbed aboard. "Turn her adrift, b'y," said Dinnie, "before she's noticed." Cummings let the painter slip and the boat drifted off.

They crept along the house and into a passageway, where they came on a man who was gazing over the rail as if absorbed in some spectacle. "Jee-zooks!"—Cummings gripped Dinnie—"I'll bet I know that chap. Hey there, Tom White!"

The man turned and saw Cummings. "Well, what in h—"

"Sh-h— We're off that ship, and it mightn't be healthy for us if some people found it out. Hide us somewhere, will you, till we get in?"

"Sure. Come on," and led them to a room with six bunks. "Turn in there and don't hurry to turn out—this bunch will keep their mouths shut. And give me your clothes and I'll dry 'em out below. We'll get you ashore all right. And say, what kind of a team is that? Holy

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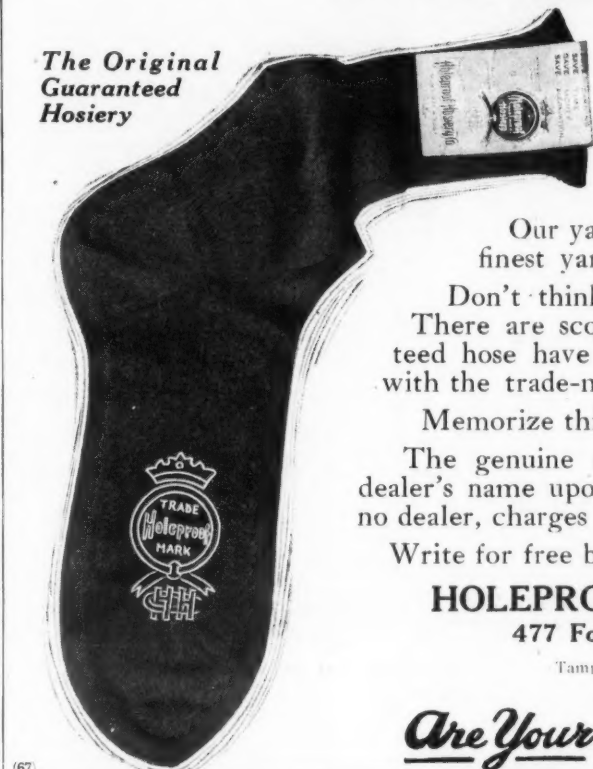
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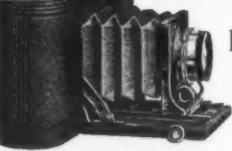
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cats! but they sure must 'a' lost their nerve. Says one to the other, coming over the side: 'You were game to the last, Jack,' and puts his arm around his shoulder. What d'y'think o' that, after losin' that grand ship? Didn't they know enough to shore up those weakened bulkheads before putting her under tow or did they want to lose her? Ought to go to jail either way, the pair of 'em."

"Jail!" said Cummings. "I guess not. That'd put the company in bad with the public."

"That's right, come to think. But think of 'em, the pair of 'em handin' out that kind of talk! Jee, but I'd like to be around when they tell their story ashore. Game to the last! Holy cats, but what a couple of shines!"

THE three stokers and the boy, having reached New York, were now viewing the steamship office from the Broadway sidewalk. Dinnie and Geordie were for holding back, but not Cummings. "What y'afraid of—that buttoned nigger at the door? Or the fat furniture inside? Come on in and get your money."

Cummings led the way in, and claimed for all three. And was told to go out and come back in an hour. Geordie and Dinnie, overawed by the superior air of everybody, were for doing as they were told; but "Go out and come back hell!" retorted Cummings. "We want the wages due us. We can't be waiting around all day. We've had no breakfast and we've no money for dinner, and we want our wages—the wages due us," and made such a further fuss over it that the clerk went inside and brought out a well-cushioned, florid man with blue-black cheeks and curled-up mustache, which he continued to curl. He was dressed in one of the company's uniforms.

"I knows 'im," whispered Geordie. "'E's the purser."

"Now, m'lads," began the purser. "M'lads, hell!" snapped Cummings. "Don't m'lad us. We're all tired out and—hungry—and we want our wages."

On the purser's too-closely shaven features a pitying expression would have crept, but Cummings's sardonic grin cracked it midway. "Very well, I'll see," said the purser. "You know how much is due you, of course?"

"No, we don't."

"Well, there's three days coming to you."

"Three days hell! We shipped for the voyage."

At this point the purser backed away and another official hove into view. A much keener chap this than any purser. He restated the case for them. "You shipped for the cruise—exactly. But you did not, it appears, complete the voyage. You left 'ere on the twenty-third and your ship went down on the twenty-fifth. Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, which makes three days due you, at four p'und ten a month."

"But look 'ere—" Geordie was gathering indignation to himself.

"No looking here or there," retorted this keen one. "Look at the law. The law says that when a ship goes down, all claims against her cease. That's maritime law."

Cummings was taken aback. But this was no blustering, self-important man, he felt. This one knew his ground evidently. He felt like punching somebody. "Well," he turned to his chums, "they got us, I guess. Here, you, give us those three days."

THEY got their money. Cummings, looking at his out on the sidewalk, began to figure mentally. "Four pound ten—that's twenty-two dollars about—three thirty-firsts of twenty-two. Jee-zooks!"

Geordie held his in one open palm. "Blime, but it's 'ardly eight bob!" "Glory be!" said Dinnie softly, "but wouldn't you think they'd pay us to the end of the month itself? Wouldn't you?" and just then was a great cheering and pushing. "What the devil's all the bally-hoo'n' about?" asked Dinnie. An automobile rumbled up.

"Jee-zooks!" Dinnie, Geordie. "Look—our two officers!"

The cheering crowd was surging up the steamship company's steps. The three stokers and the boy had difficulty in holding their places on the sidewalk. A news-boy was yelling in Cummings's ear.

"What's that?" ejaculated Cummings.

"Sure—here's all about them," said the boy, and spread the first page of the paper out. Cummings took it in—the black letters four inches high.

"Well, what d'y'think o' that? HEROIC CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN HADSBY—MODERN SEA HISTORY KNOWS NO PARALLEL—"

Cummings looked his paper over quickly. He bought another and looked that over, and another. "That's right, fellows—they've all got the same thing," and began to read the story. It took a whole

page to tell it—of the dauntless two who refused to leave their ship till the last bit of her went under the sea—would have gone down with her—did go down into the seething maelstrom, but by a miracle—

"Hi s'y, lad, that's not in any piper!"

"Just as I'm reading it."

"Hand 'oo told that to these 'ere pipers?"

"Why, he did."

"'E did? 'Oo did?"

"The captain, our captain, himself."

"Lave me see the paper, b'y." Dinnie had a look for himself. "An' he tow'd these reporthers that? But it must be a mistake. Sure, even if it was thrue, he wouldn't say it—not of himsel', b'y, not of himsel'."

"But he did. Listen. As the last bit of her fore-truck sank beneath the seething, boiling sea—"

"Seethin'! B'ilin'! God forgive him!"

"—he dived and secured a floating spar—"

"A floating spar? On the deck of an ocean liner? Ho, ho, that's a rare un! Where'd the bloody floating spar come from?"

"No matter, he's getting away with it." Cummings scowled at the paper and then he looked at Geordie, and from Geordie to Dinnie. He looked over the palpitating, still cheering crowd, and laughed—hysterically. "Jee-zooks! I can't help it—it's the limit."

"Gawd!" uttered Geordie, "a 'ero!"

"What kind are they at all?" asked Dinnie, "these reporthers he tow'd this to?"

"Why, they're the slickest on earth—let them tell it. Yes, sir, the slickest—and every damn one of 'em's fallen for that Belasco back-drop with all the calciums full-tilt, and our heroic captain in the middle of it."

"Hi!" said Geordie, "'ere they come again, the bloomin' 'eroes!"

THEY were coming down the steps and the crowd was cheering anew. "Three cheers and a tiger for Captain Hadsby!" called out somebody. They were given, and Captain Hadsby raised his hat and bowed—and smiled. "Three cheers for his brave mate!" and the crowd cheered again, and Farley bowed—and smiled. "Pipe that smile!" jeered Cummings.

"There's the kind of seamen I want to see on the bridge of any ship I cross on," came one voice from the crowd. Cummings turned and saw him—an honest citizen gazing admiringly. "You would, eh?" snapped Cummings. "Well, you're a hell of a fine judge of seamen!"

The automobile had difficulty in getting away, which gave the admiring throng time to cheer again, whereat Captain Hadsby lifted his hat and bowed again, and his brave subordinate did likewise.

Geordie was gazing after them open-mouthed. "Well, wot d'y's'y to that! My Gawd!" and suddenly shook his fist passionately after them. "'Eroes! Yes, you're bloody fine 'eroes now, but wite till the Board o' Trade across the water gets arter you. Then we'll see if you're 'eroes or no. 'Eroes! I s'y, lad, look 'ere. If the likes o' them be 'eroes, then wot of us—of Dinnie and me and you, that saved all the ship's passengers—wot about us?"

"Us?" Cummings bit it out. "Us! Why, we're a bunch of cheap pikers. We're three slobbs of stokers at four pound ten a month—and our wages stops the minute our ship goes down."

The automobile was still in plain view, proceeding up Broadway, not going so fast, however, but what the populace were given a chance to identify the valiant mariners and to cheer them afresh.

CUMMINGS gazed and swore. Geordie gazed and cursed.

Dinnie only shook his head sadly. Then: "Come on, b'y. Come on, Geordie—don't be mindin' them. They're like those stewards we were spakin' about the other mornin'. 'Tis part of their work for the company. Surely, in their hearts they must be havin' the black thoughts o' themselves. And for all the praise they do be gettin' from foolish people, you b'y, and Geordie, and me, we're no worse off. We—we're still men before God." He stooped and patted the little boy's cheek. "Sure, it's here's the one had the har-r-d, har-r-d time of it, wasn't it, avick? Sure it was, yes. And we have yet to get you home. Come on, Geordie, come on, b'y—it's time we were hunting another ship."

The crowds were still cheering, one batch after another, as the automobile moved on. Cummings, turning for a last look, held his half-smoked cigarette in his peculiar fashion, high in the air between thumb and second finger. Still the cheers were coming from the distance, and Cummings was listening. "Heroes! Heroes!" he bit out, and snapped the cigarette butt half-way across the street. "Heroes!—jee-e-z-zs—heroes!" and hurried after his chums.



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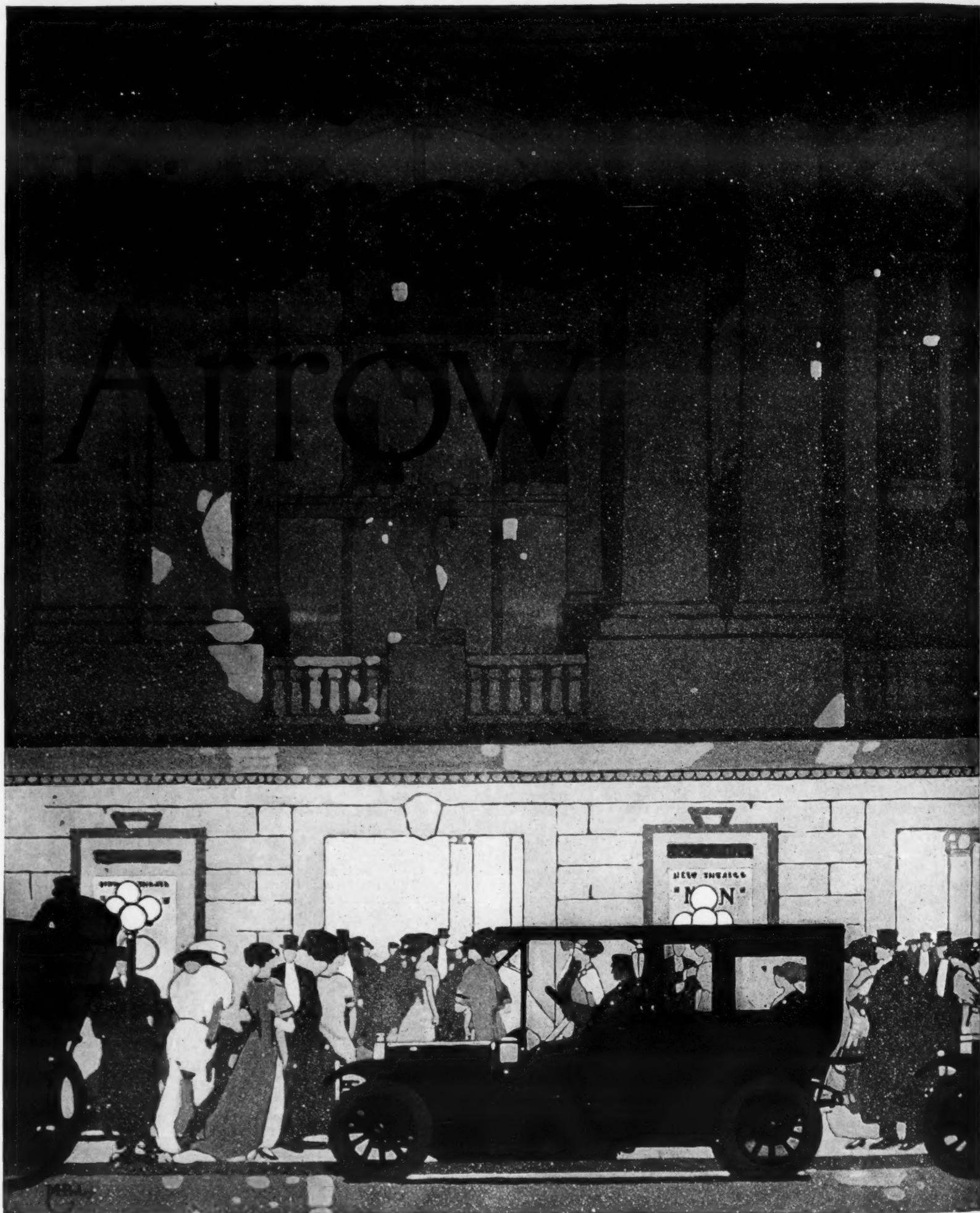
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